HAMPSHIRE DIST. LTD.

SPEAK-OUT SERIES

The ROARING 30's COME ALIVE!

NO. 1

50¢ IND.

IN THE DAYS OF THE MOB

JACK KIRBY

BULLETS FOR BIG AL!

MA'S BOYS!

SAVAGE SONS OF A SAVAGE MOTHER, THE YOUNG BARKERS PAID FOR HER AFFECTION IN BLOOD!

FOTO FEATURETTE
THE BREEDING GROUND
•
FUNERAL FOR A FLORIST

A TRAIN! A PASSENGER! A MASS KILLING! AND A MATERIAL WITNESS-- YOU!

THE M.O. THAT LED TO THE F.B.I. CAPTURE OF A CRIME KINGPIN!

FREE! A GIANT "WANTED" POSTER OF JOHN DILLINGER!

IN THE DAYS OF THE MOB

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Written, drawn & edited by Jack Kirby
Inks by Vince Colletta

WANTED!
FOR MURDER . . . FOR KIDNAPPING . . .
FOR THEFT AND FOR ARSON

WELCOME TO HELL!
NO, YOU'RE NOT FANTASIZING! THIS IS A TIME-HONORED INSTITUTION-- BUILT A LONG TIME AGO--BY PEOPLE AS REAL AS YOURSELF!
I RUN THIS PLACE! I'M THE MAN "IN CHARGE"!--I'M WARDEN FRY!
X-120

HELL IS A BIG PLACE--A GIANT COMPLEX, IN FACT! WE'VE HAD TO ACCOMMODATE CAVEMEN, KINGS AND WILD-EYED VISIONARIES!
AS YOU CAN SEE--THIS SUB-DIVISION IS CONSTRUCTED ALONG THE LINES OF A MAXIMUM-SECURITY PRISON!

AND WHY NOT? THAT'S HOW THE INMATES CONCEIVED IT! AND THAT'S WHAT'S WHAT IT TURNED OUT TO BE!
YOU WOULD VENTURE A TOUR? WELL--AFTER YOU--ALWAYS--AFTER YOU!

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"AS YOU CAN SEE, OUR PRISON POPULATION IS IN *CONTINUOUS* FERMENT! THEY ARE A *HARDENED, NOTORIOUS* LOT AND REPRESENT A PERIOD IN THIS TWENTIETH CENTURY WHEN *CRIME* BURST FORTH IN *AMERICA'S* CITIES LIKE A BLOOD-RED FLOWER! THESE INMATES *DON'T* LIKE SERVING TIME HERE! BUT BY THEIR VERY NATURES--THEY *CAN'T* DO ANYTHING ELSE!"

WHO CAN SAY WHERE THE HUMAN JUNGLE BEGINS AND ENDS? I'M NEITHER A JUDGE NOR PSYCHIATRIST! THE DAMNED COME HERE IN *ENDLESS* VARIETY... THEY COME AS THEY *ARE!* THEY STAY AS THEY *ARE!*-- BASICALLY DECENT-- *ALL GUILTY!*

KEEP MOVING! *KEEP MOVING!*

STAY IN LINE, THERE! NO TALKING!

HERE COMES A PERFECT EXAMPLE FROM THE FEMALE WARD! MOTHER LOVE--PARADOXICAL AND TRAGIC!
EASY, BOYS! BRING HER OVER HERE!

WELL, MA! I SHOULD HAVE REMEMBERED IT WAS TIME FOR YOU TO SHOW!
CALL OFF YOUR SCREWS, WARDEN, OR I'LL KICK OUT THEIR FANGS!
CALM DOWN, MA!

MA BARKER! THE HEART OF MUSH--THE WILL OF STEEL!
BLOW IT, WARDEN! YOU KNOW WHY I'M HERE! I WANNA SEE MY BOYS!

THEY'RE MY BOYS! AND WHEN IT'S TIME TO VISIT THEM, I DON'T WASTE A MINUTE! YOU KNOW THAT!
YES! I KNOW THAT!
--BECAUSE THAT'S HOW IT WILL ALWAYS BE!--BECAUSE THAT'S HOW IT BEGAN--AND GREW AND HARDENED--IN A STINKING CABIN IN WEBB CITY, MISSOURI!
LET'S LOOK BACK, MA!--

I CALL IT A STINKING HOUSE, BECAUSE IN IT WAS THE ODOR OF IGNORANCE AND POVERTY AND BIGOTRY--AND ABOVE ALL, THE DOMINEERING, AMORAL PRESENCE OF KATE CLARK, ALIAS ARIZONA CLARK, NOW MARRIED TO ONE GEORGE BARKER! SHE RAISED FOUR BOYS AND GROOMED THEM TO SATISFY HER SLEAZY DESIRE FOR LUXURY! FROM TRUANCY, TO BULLYING, TO PETTY THIEVERY, THE BARKER BOYS GRADUATED STEP BY STEP, UNTIL THEY TERRORIZED A COUNTRY! YES, THE ROAD TO HELL WAS CLEAR, AND STRAIGHT, AND PAVED WITH LOVE FOR--
MA'S BOYS!
FINISH YOUR VITTLES, BOYS! MA'S GOT HOLD OF A NEW TOY YOU CAN USE DURIN' TARGET PRACTICE!
KATE! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! NOT HERE--AT THE TABLE--
HEY! CAREFUL WHERE YUH POINT THAT, MA! YUH COULD RUIN MY DRINK!
HAW! LOOKIT PA, SHAKIN' LIKE A LEAF!
5

IT SEEMS THAT PA BARKER WAS THE FIRST VICTIM OF MA'S RUTHLESS WAYS! SOON AFTER THEY WERE MARRIED IN AURORA, MISSOURI, HE DISAPPEARED AS A MAN! HE TRIED TO BE A PROPER FATHER AND FAILED AT THAT TOO!!
DOC IS RIGHT, MA! THAT THING IS DANGEROUS!
DID I CORRECTLY HEAR YORE MOUTH FLAPPIN'?

WHY, YUH MISERABLE OLD RABBIT! I'D SOONER SWALLOW RAT POISON THAN TAKE SASS FROM YOU!
CUT THAT OUT, MA! HE WAS ONLY SCARED OF THAT THING, THAT'S ALL!
LEAVE 'ER BE, LLOYD! MA PUTS HIM IN HIS PLACE RIGHT SMART!

PA TOOK HIS HUMILIATION AS HE ALWAYS DID--QUIETLY--WITHOUT A WORD! ONE DAY HE WOULD LEAVE HOME, THE SAME WAY...
HA HA HA HA HA
COME BACK, PA! YO'RE ACTIN' MIGHTY LIKE A WHUPPED DAWG! HAHAHA!
FERGIT 'IM, BOYS! WE'LL NEVER GIT RICH ON HIS BRAINS! NOW GIT YORE GUNS AND FOLLA YORE MA!

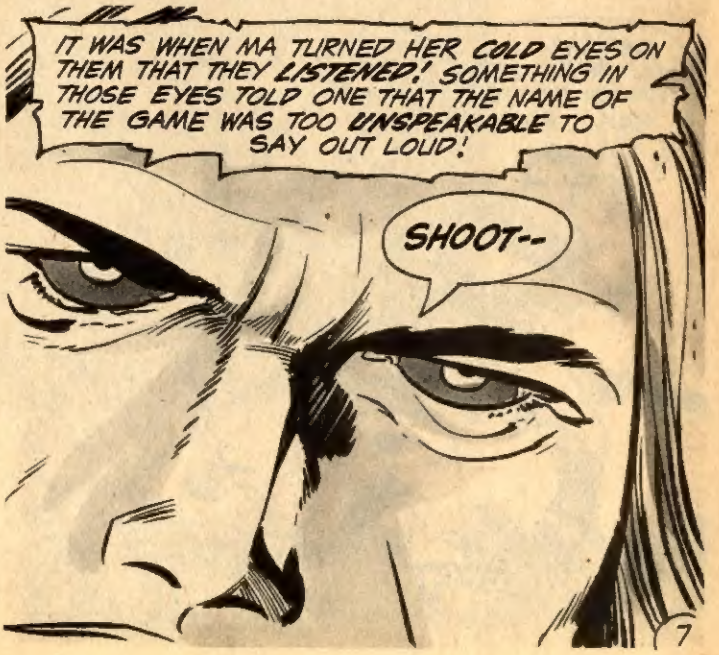
OF THE FOUR BARKER BOYS, ONLY LLOYD DISPLAYED ANYTHING THAT COULD BE DESCRIBED AS SYMPATHY FOR PA!
NO HURRY, MA! T'AIN'T AS IF'N THE LAW'S ON OUR TAIL!
GIT LLOYD! HE'S SULKIN' LIKE A HOOT OWL OVER PA!
WELL, SO HE IS!--

JEST KEEP AT IT, FRED, AN' I'LL CRACK YORE--
YOU HUSH UP NOW, HEAR?
SAY! HOW LONG DO WE WHOOP AND HOLLER AFORE WE GIT DOWN TUH SHOOTIN'?

HOW 'BOUT THAT, LLOYD? YORE BROTHER HERMAN'S TALKIN' SENSE! YUH GONNA PLEASE YUH LOVIN' MA, BY PRACTICIN', LIKE A GOOD BOY?
OKAY! OKAY!
DON'T COAX HIM, MA! WE DON'T MISS 'IM!

I'LL CALL THIS CAN SHERIFF JOHN--
IT MAKES IT KINDA PERSONAL-LIKE FER MA! LIKE I'M NAILIN' A REAL LAWMAN!
AIN'T SHE THE ONE FER HATIN' COPS THOUGH!
NO, MA! NO!
THE BARKER BOYS WERE CRACK SHOTS! MA SAW TO THAT! TARGET PRACTICE KEPT THE BOYS AND HER SELFISH DREAMS ALIVE!

I SAID TAKE IT, FREDDY! LEARN HOW TO USE IT! YUH DON'T WANT THE FEDS TO OUT-SHOOT US, DO YUH?
AW-W-MA-- THE DARN THING BUCKS LIKE A HORSE!


IT WAS WHEN MA TURNED HER COLD EYES ON THEM THAT THEY LISTENED! SOMETHING IN THOSE EYES TOLD ONE THAT THE NAME OF THE GAME WAS TOO UNSPEAKABLE TO SAY OUT LOUD!
SHOOT--

OKAY, MA! I'M DOIN' IT!
DO IT-- DEAR!
I'LL TRY IT AS SOON AS CHICKEN-HEART IS THROUGH, MA!
IT'S GITTIN' SO'S I CAN'T MISS!
DITTO, LLOYD!
POW POW
POW
SPANNG

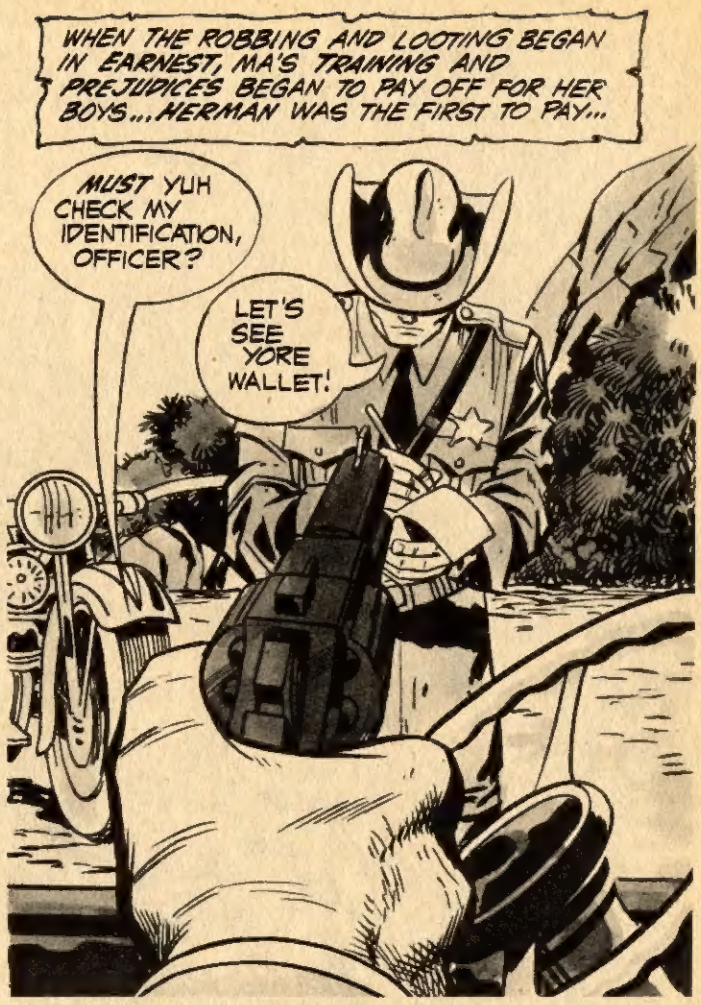
LI'L OLE CHICKEN-HEART AIN'T MISSED YET! CUZ HE AIN'T SHOT YET! HAWW!!
I'LL SHOW YUH! I'LL SHOW YUH! LEGGO, MA!
ALRIGHT! BUT HOLD 'ER STEADY, SON!

BRAAKABRAK

LOOK OUT, YOU CRAZY, LOP-EARED COOT! YOU'LL KILL US ALL!
BABABABA
THAT ROCK! I-I TRIPPED!

NO, DOC!
STOP HIM, MA! I WAS ONLY TRYIN'--
AIN'T NOTHIN' THAT YOU TRY WHAT COMES OUT RIGHT!

MA KEPT THE PEACE LIKE SHE ALWAYS DID! THE BARKER GANG WAS BEGINNING TO MAKE ITS NOTORIOUS RECORD! AHEAD LAY THE BIG SCORE--AND RICHES FOR MA!
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! MY BOYS--A-STANDIN' TOGETHER!
JEST STOP PAMPERIN' FRED! THASS ALL I GOTTA SAY!


WHEN THE ROBBING AND LOOTING BEGAN IN EARNEST, MA'S TRAINING AND PREJUDICES BEGAN TO PAY OFF FOR HER BOYS... HERMAN WAS THE FIRST TO PAY...
MUST YUH CHECK MY IDENTIFICATION, OFFICER?
LET'S SEE YORE WALLET!

HERMAN MADE HIS FIRST AND LAST MISTAKE! HE KILLED SHERIFF ART E. OSBORNE NEAR PINE BLUFFS, WYOMING!!
THIS IS FOR MA! IT'S THE WAY SHE'D LIKE IT!
BAM
HERMAN!

HERMAN WAS MARRIED AND HIS WIFE, CAROL, BECAME AN IMMEDIATE ACCESSARY TO THE MURDER!
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT, HERMAN! YOU KNOW HOW THE COPS ARE WHEN THIS HAPPENS TO ONE OF THEM!
SHUT UP! THEY GOTTA KETCH ME FIRST!

ON SEPTEMBER 19, 1927, NEAR WICHITA, KANSAS, THEY DID!
BARKER! GIVE YOURSELF UP!
HE WON'T LISTEN! HE'S GONNA SHOOT IT OUT WITH US!
CLOSE IN, MEN!
KEEP LOW!
YOU'RE SURROUNDED, BARKER! YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE!
THROW OUT YORE GUN! COME OUT WITH YORE HANDS BEHIND YORE HEAD!
MA'S BOYS DON'T PLAY THAT WAY! RUSH HIM, MEN!
BAM
A SHOT-- INSIDE THE HOUSE!
I DON'T LIKE THAT!
IT WAS ALL OVER WHEN THE POLICE BROKE IN! THEY STARED MOODILY AT THE END PRODUCT OF MA BARKER'S DREAM!
HOLD IT!
DAWGONE!
10

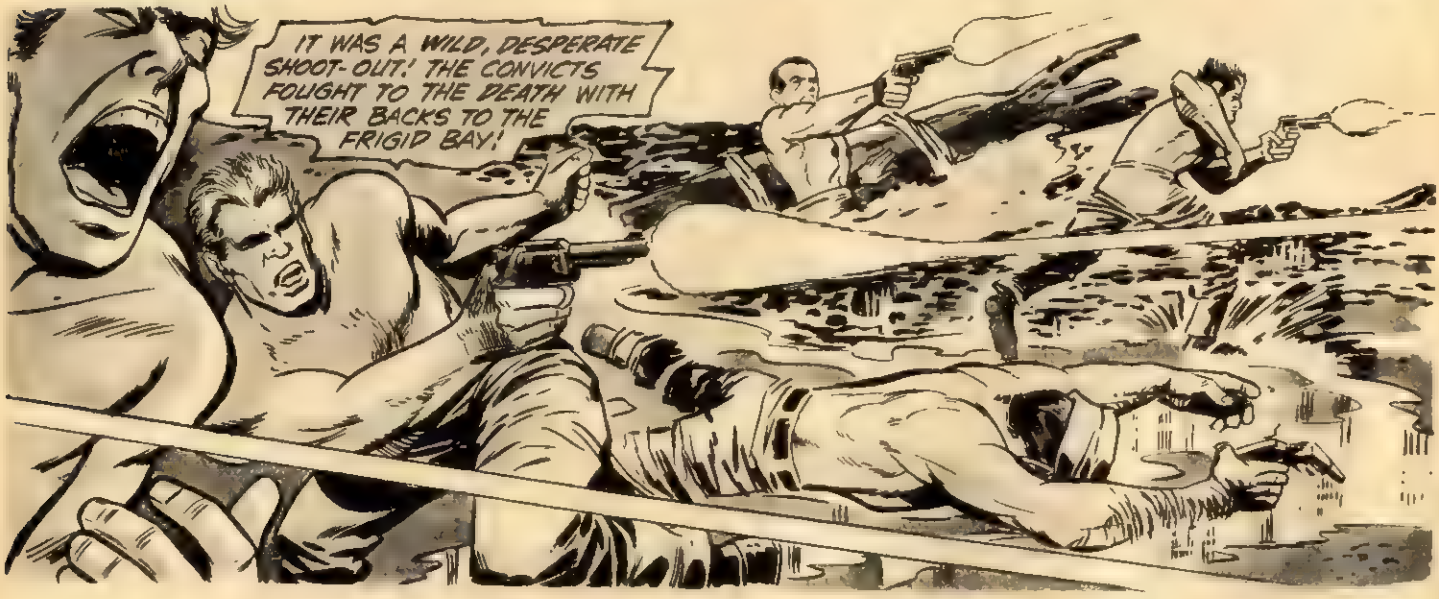
HERMAN WAS A SUICIDE... DEAD BY HIS OWN HAND... TRUE TO MA'S OWN CODE-- "DON'T LET THEM TAKE YOU ALIVE"!
THE BARKERS LOOK MEAN-- EVEN IN DEATH!
IT'S A TOUGH WAY TO SERVE JUSTICE! BUT HERMAN JUST SAVED US THE COST OF A TRIAL!

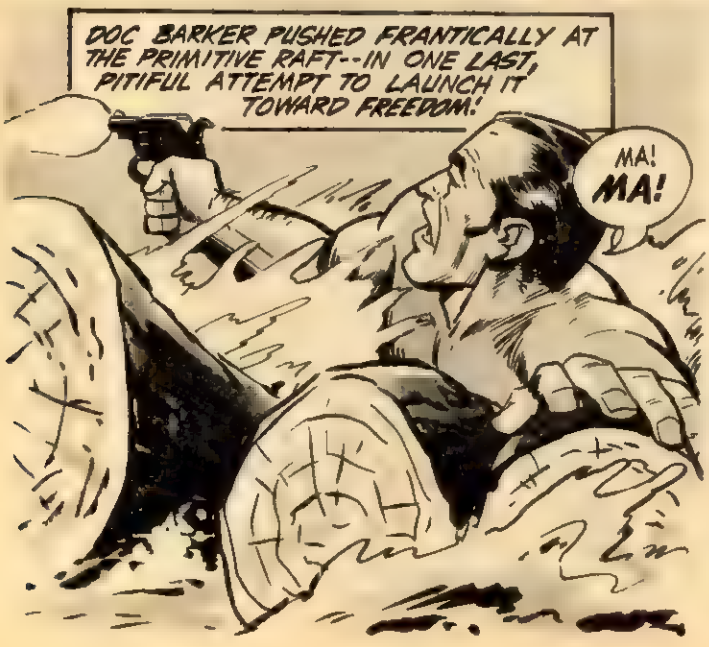
DOC BARKER WAS NEXT TO KNOCK ON THE HOT DOORS OF HELL! THEY OPENED FOR DOC ON JUNE 13, 1939! IT BEGAN WHEN HE BROKE OUT OF ALCATRAZ PRISON WITH FOUR OTHER INMATES!
ARE YOU SURE WE CAN MAKE IT TO THE MAIN-LAND, DOC?
NO CON HAS EVER DONE IT!
DOC BARKER WILL DO IT! HEAD FER THE BEACH!

NOW, CUT YER CLOTHES INTO STRIPS! WE'RE GONNA USE EM TO TIE A MESS O' DRIFTWOOD TOGETHER 'N' MAKE US A RAFT!
THAT'S RIGHT SMART, DOC! MEBBE WE CAN PULL THIS OFF!

SAN FRANCISCO BAY IS COLD AS AN ICEBERG! WE COULD FREEZE TO DEATH IN IT!
I DON'T GIVE A DAMN! I'M SERVIN' A LIFE SENTENCE! NOW, GET TUH WORK!

THEN THE FIRST SHOTS CRASHED ABOVE THE ROAR OF THE WAVES! ONE OF THE ESCAPEES CRIED OUT!
AAAA!
BAM BAM BAM BAM


IT WAS A WILD, DESPERATE SHOOT-OUT! THE CONVICTS FOUGHT TO THE DEATH WITH THEIR BACKS TO THE FRIGID BAY!


DOC BARKER PUSHED FRANTICALLY AT THE PRIMITIVE RAFT--IN ONE LAST, PITIFUL ATTEMPT TO LAUNCH IT TOWARD FREEDOM!
MA! MA!

DEATH WAS FASTER! DOC FELL MORTALLY WOUNDED!

WARDEN JAMES A. JOHNSTON AND HIS MEN THEN CAME FORWARD IN THE SILENCE!
THEY'RE DONE FOR, WARDEN!
TOO BAD IT HAD TO END THIS WAY!

FRED DIED WITH MA! ON THE MORNING OF JUNE 16, 1935, THEY WERE LIVING IN A FINE HOUSE IN OKLAHA, FLORIDA. IT WAS A HOUSE BUILT ON ARMED ROBBERY, MURDER, KIDNAPPING AND ALLIANCE WITH THE INFAMOUS COUNTRY BOY!
FEDERAL OFFICERS! IS YOUR SON HERE?
STEP ASIDE, MA!

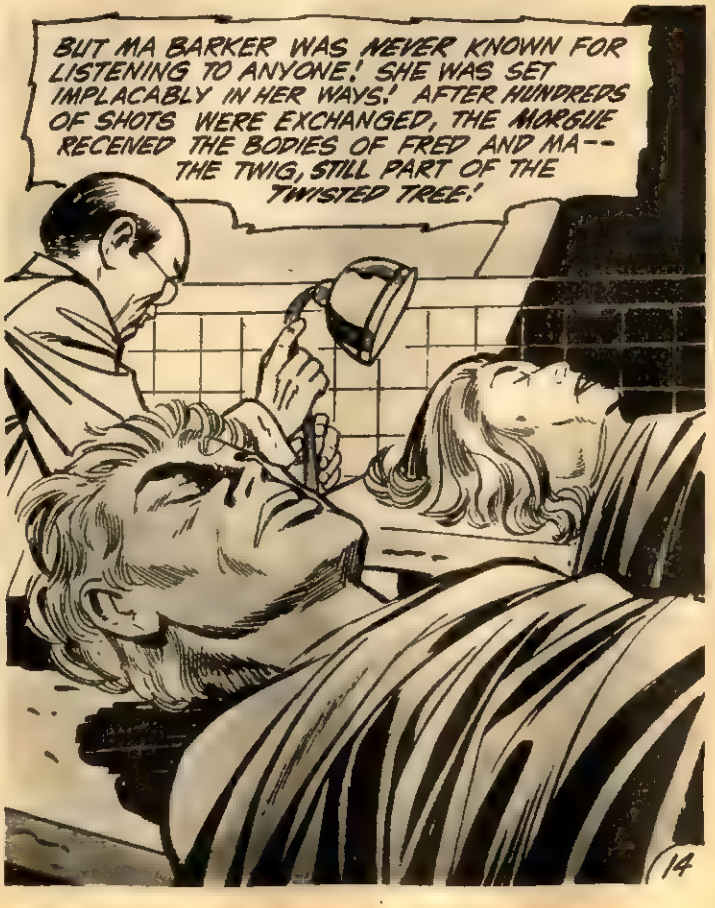
FREDDY WAS NO LONGER A NOVICE WITH THE MACHINE GUN! HE TURNED IT FIERCELY ON THE MEN WHO CAME TO APPREHEND HIM!
RATTATATATATATATATATA
HA HA! LOOK AT 'EM RUN FER COVER, MA!
I'LL GET MY GUN, FRED!

TOGETHER, MA AND FRED FOUGHT VAINLY IN A TRAP CAREFULLY CONCEIVED IN THE HIGHER ECHELONS OF THE F.B.I.!
THEY'RE EVERYWHERE, MA!-- EVERYWHERE!

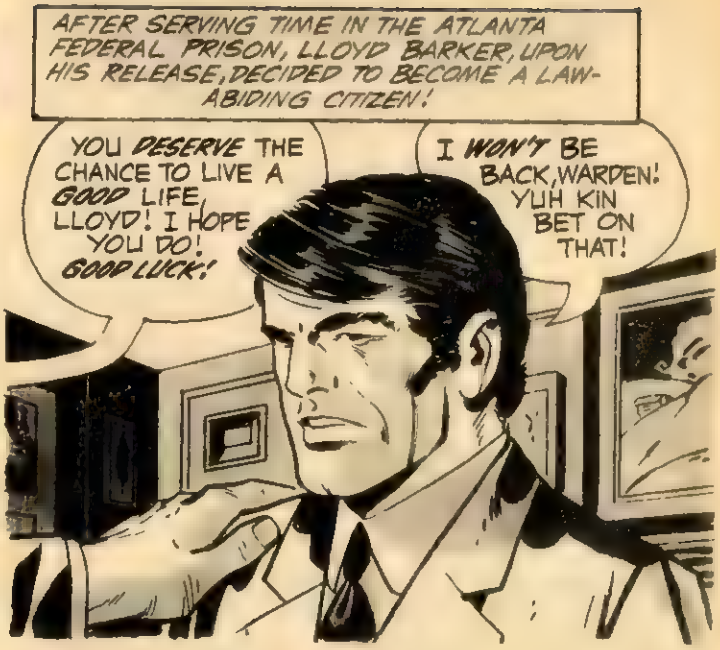
POW
THEY GOT US, MA! WHADDA WE DO NOW, MA?
WE KEEP SHOOTIN' UNTIL WE RUN OUTA BULLETS, FREDDY!

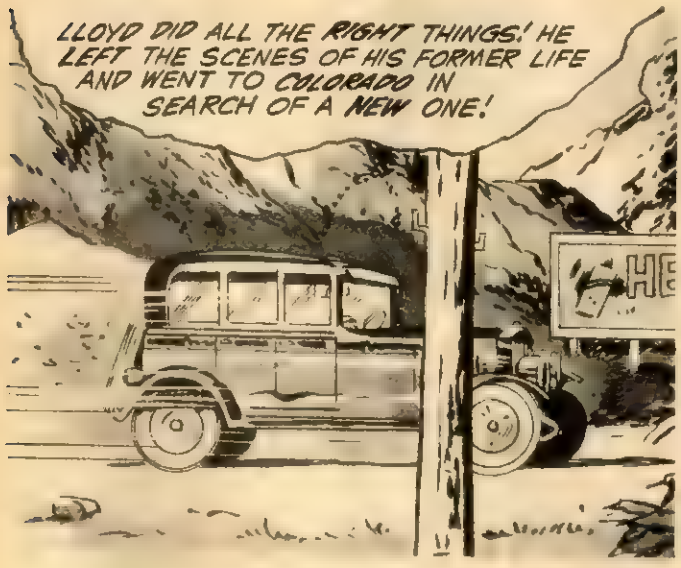
BUT SAVE ONE FOR YERSELF, BOY! THEY DON'T TAKE BARKERS ALIVE!
MA! I-I'M SCARED! I-I DON'T WANNA DIE, MA!

YUH DO WHUT YORE MA TELLS YUH! DO YUH WANNA DISGRACE YORE MA?
GOD, MA-- YUH GOTTA LISTEN--


BUT MA BARKER WAS NEVER KNOWN FOR LISTENING TO ANYONE! SHE WAS SET IMPLACABLY IN HER WAYS! AFTER HUNDREDS OF SHOTS WERE EXCHANGED, THE MORGUE RECEIVED THE BODIES OF FRED AND MA-- THE TWIG, STILL PART OF THE TWISTED TREE!

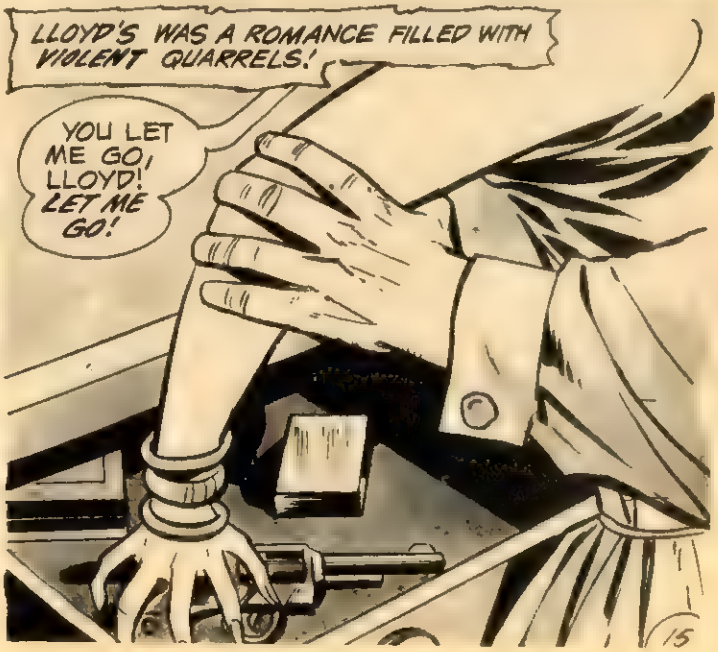
FATE WAS NOT THROUGH WITH MA'S BOYS! THERE WAS STILL LLOYD BARKER TO DEAL WITH! AND HERE DESTINY TOOK THE STRANGEST TWIST OF ALL!
YOU'VE BEEN A MODEL PRISONER, LLOYD! I'M GLAD TO SIGN YOUR RELEASE!
THANKS, WARDEN!


AFTER SERVING TIME IN THE ATLANTA FEDERAL PRISON, LLOYD BARKER, UPON HIS RELEASE, DECIDED TO BECOME A LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN!
YOU DESERVE THE CHANCE TO LIVE A GOOD LIFE, LLOYD! I HOPE YOU DO! GOOD LUCK!
I WON'T BE BACK, WARDEN! YUH KIN BET ON THAT!

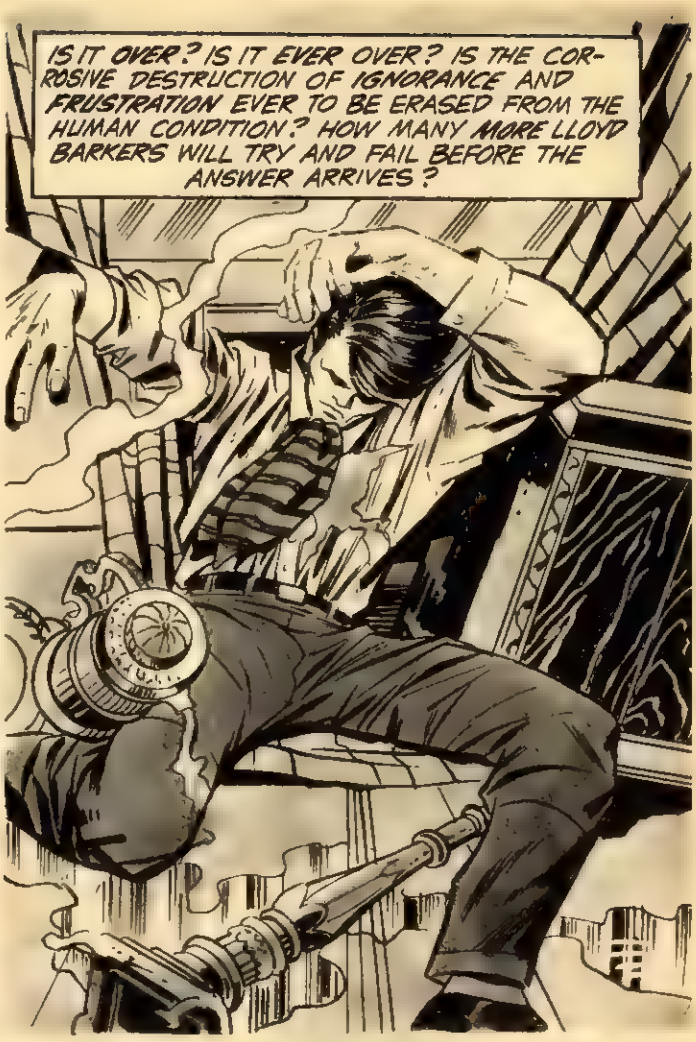

LLOYD DID ALL THE RIGHT THINGS! HE LEFT THE SCENES OF HIS FORMER LIFE AND WENT TO COLORADO IN SEARCH OF A NEW ONE!

IN TIME, LLOYD BECAME ASSISTANT MANAGER OF A GRILL AND SHORT-ORDER HOUSE...
SAY! YOUR FACE IS FAMILIAR--
NO CHANCE, MISTER! I'M NEW IN TOWN!

IT SEEMED AS THOUGH LLOYD COULD NOW LOOK FORWARD TO MORE FRUITFUL DAYS! EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT HE HAD A GIRL-FRIEND WITH A FURIOUS TEMPER!


LLOYD'S WAS A ROMANCE FILLED WITH VIOLENT QUARRELS!
YOU LET ME GO, LLOYD! LET ME GO!

IT WAS DURING ONE SUCH QUARREL, IN 1949, THAT LLOYD WAS SHOT TO DEATH BY THIS GIRL! SOMEHOW, DESTINY COULD OR WOULD NOT SPARE LLOYD BARKER FROM A PATTERN SET BY LOVIN' MA!
BAM
BAM

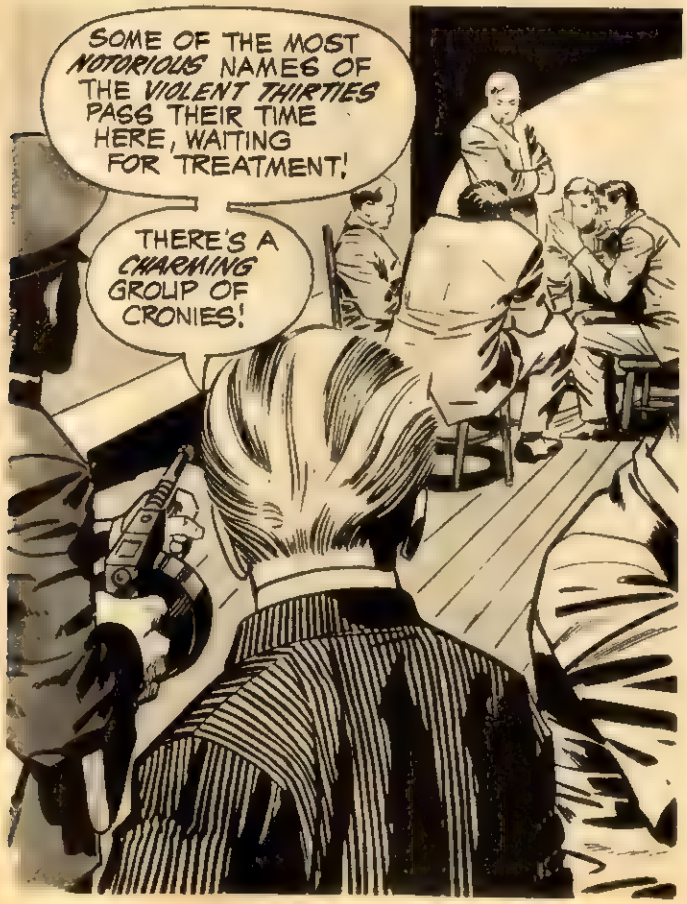

IS IT OVER? IS IT EVER OVER? IS THE CORROSIVE DESTRUCTION OF IGNORANCE AND FRUSTRATION EVER TO BE ERASED FROM THE HUMAN CONDITION? HOW MANY MORE LLOYD BARKERS WILL TRY AND FAIL BEFORE THE ANSWER ARRIVES?

GOOD QUESTION, EH MA? BUT I DON'T SUPPOSE I'VE IMPRESSED YOU AT ALL, HAVE I? NOT YOU AND YOUR RELENTLESS ONE-TRACK MIND!
NUTS TO YOU, WARDEN! I KNOW MY RIGHTS!
I CAN SEE MY BOYS IF'N I CHOOSE-- AND YOU CAN'T STOP ME!

NO! NOT EVEN I CAN STOP THAT KIND OF POWER!
THE CELL BLOCK IS OPEN, MA! YOUR BOYS ARE WAITING!
MA!
MY BOYS!

BUT LET'S NOT STOP WITH THE BARKERS, FRIENDS! THE CRIME SWAMP IS ALIVE WITH A VARIETY OF PREDATORS!
WHY DON'T WE LOOK IN THE MEDICAL WARD?

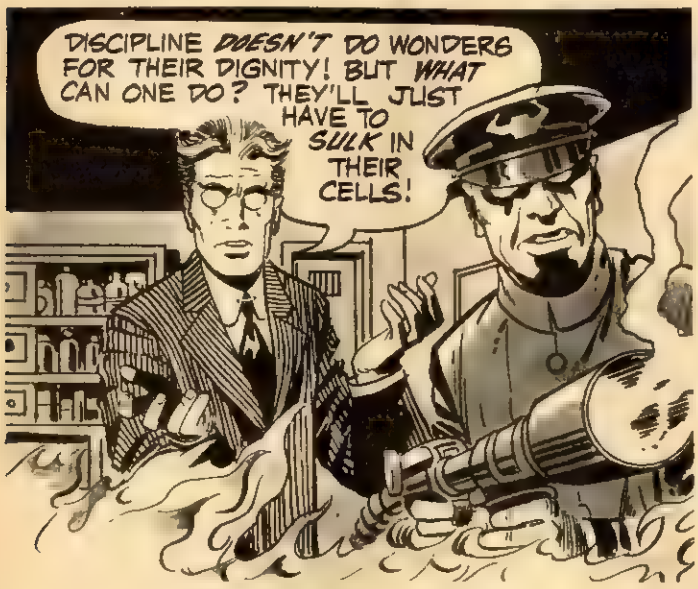
OH, YES! OUR INMATES HAVE HEALTH PROBLEMS! FRANKLY, THEY DON'T ARRIVE HERE IN THE BEST OF CONDITION!
THE DISPENSARY IS A POPULAR PLACE! OLD WOUNDS ARE HARDEST TO HEAL!
1716154


SOME OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS NAMES OF THE VIOLENT THIRTIES PASS THEIR TIME HERE, WAITING FOR TREATMENT!
THERE'S A CHARMING GROUP OF CRONIES!

YOU BOYS MIND A LITTLE OGLING BY THE TOURISTS?
NAW! WHAT THE HELL, WARDEN, JUST SO'S THEY DON'T TIP OFF OUR CARDS!

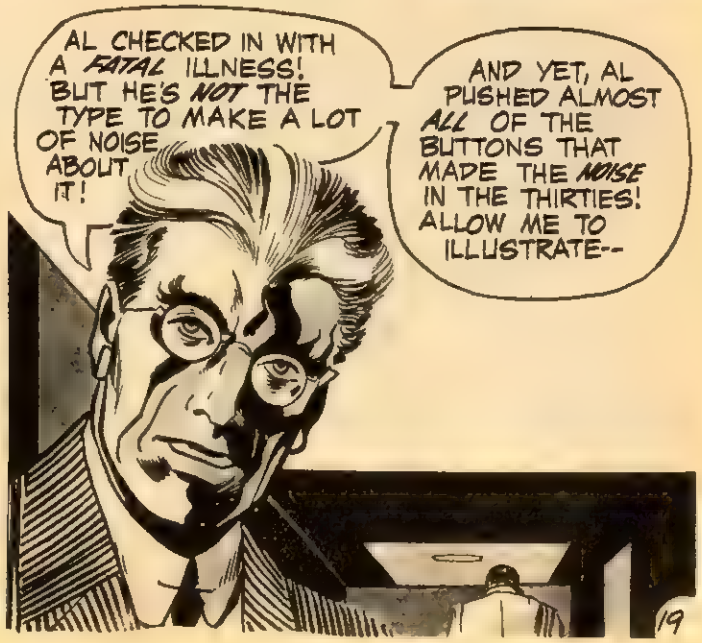
THERE YOU ARE, FRIENDS! THE FELLAS ARE REAL SOCIABLE IN THIS ELEMENT!
HOW ABOUT GIVING THEM YOUR NAMES, MEN ?
I NEVER TALKED ABOUT THE RATS WHO SHOT ME! I'M DUTCH SHULTZ!
ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN! I GOT SHOT FOR PLAYIN' CARDS WITH THIS KINDA CROWD!
OKAY! I'M OWNEY MADDEN!
JACK "LEGS" DIAMOND!
CASBAH HOLSTEIN! HI YA!
BO WEINBERG! NOW, TAKE OFF, OR DROP DEAD, YA JOIKS!
HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG BEEF, ARNY? I GOT THE WINNING HAND--I TAKE THE STAKES!
I SAW HOW YOU DREW THOSE CARDS, LEGS! THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR PLAYIN' WITH "TWO-BIT" SNAKES!
I'LL CHOP YOUR ARM OFF BEFORE YOU GRAB MY DOUGH!
A FIGHT! I ALWAYS LIKED DAT BETTER 'N' A STINKIN' CARD GAME!
TROUBLE, TROUBLE!-- THOSE GUYS WILL START IT NO MATTER WHERE THEY ARE!
GUARD! A LITTLE THERMAL ACTION HERE!

AS YOU SEE, FRIENDS-- I AM NOT ONE TO LET THINGS GET OUT OF HAND!
NIX, WARDEN! WE'LL STAY IN LINE!


DISCIPLINE DOESN'T DO WONDERS FOR THEIR DIGNITY! BUT WHAT CAN ONE DO? THEY'LL JUST HAVE TO SULK IN THEIR CELLS!

NOW, THE REALLY BIG BOYS RARELY GET INTO THIS KIND OF SCRAPE!
MEN LIKE THAT ONE-- BIG AL!!!

THE NEW MEDICINE HELPING ANY, AL?
DON'T SNOW ME, WARDEN! NUTHIN' HELPS HERE! BUT I'LL TRY THIS!
76757


AL CHECKED IN WITH A FATAL ILLNESS! BUT HE'S NOT THE TYPE TO MAKE A LOT OF NOISE ABOUT IT!
AND YET, AL PUSHED ALMOST ALL OF THE BUTTONS THAT MADE THE NOISE IN THE THIRTIES! ALLOW ME TO ILLUSTRATE--

AL CAPONE WAS THE RACKETS KING OF CHICAGO IN THE THIRTIES! HE WAS AT THE **TOP** OF THE HEAP! BUT, IT WAS AN UGLY, ROTTEN, **RAT-INFESTED** HEAP! THE NAME OF THE GAME WAS "**KILL YOUR WAY TO THE TOP!**"--AND NO ONE KNEW THAT GAME BETTER THAN THE MAN WHO HAD **DONE** IT! THE TRICKY PART OF THE GAME, THOUGH, WAS TO **STAY** ON TOP!--AND AL KNEW HOW TO DO THAT TOO--IN TYPICAL GANGLAND FASHION...

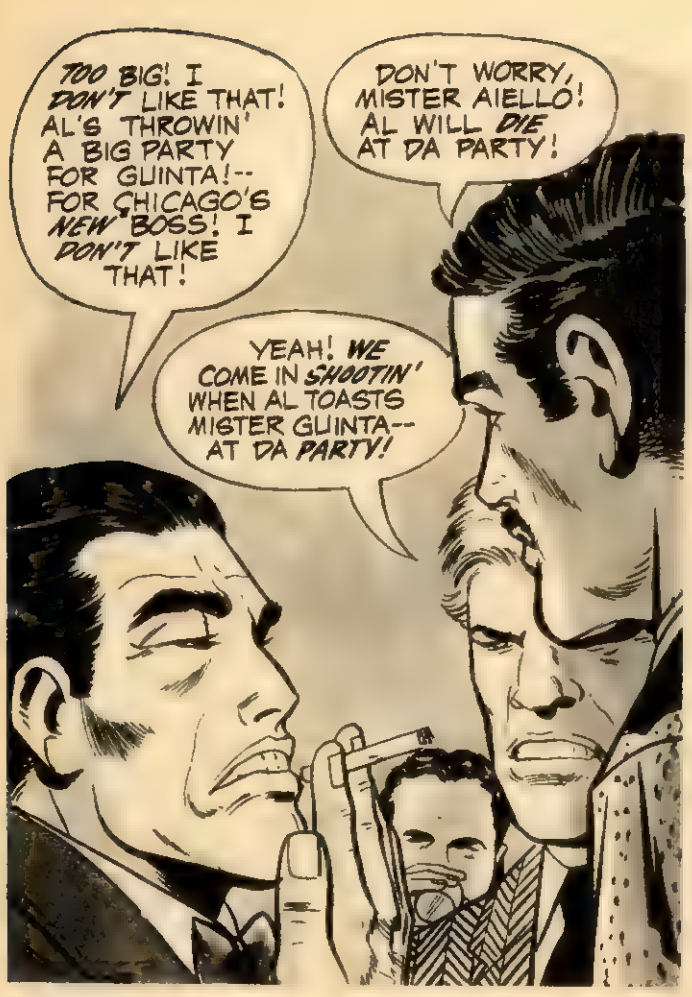
BULLETS FOR BIG AL!

YA WAN' US TA GO ON SHOOTIN', MISTER AIELLO?
DAT PHOTO ON DA WALL LOOKS LIKE SWISS CHEESE!

AND SO WILL AL CAPONE!
DAT OUGHT TA SHOW YA HOW WE FEEL ABOUT PLUGGIN' 'IM!
THAT'S WHY YER GETTIN' PAID SO WELL! AL WON'T SUSPECT HE'LL BE GETTIN' IT FROM TWO OF HIS OWN TORPEDOES!

THE NEW YORK MOB WANTS OUR MAN TO RUN THINGS HERE IN CHICAGO!
DAT'S ME, GUISEPPE! HOW ARE YA?

GUISEPPE AIELLO, A POWERFUL CAPTAIN OF THE NEW YORK MOB, HAD BEEN SENT TO DETHRONE THE KING OF CHICAGO'S RACKETS!
YEAH! THE COUNCIL VOTED FOR GUISEPPE GUINTA THIS MORNING! BIG AL IS OUT!
AL'S TAKIN' IT BIG, THOUGH! REAL BIG!


TOO BIG! I DON'T LIKE THAT! AL'S THROWIN' A BIG PARTY FOR GUINTA!-- FOR CHICAGO'S NEW BOSS! I DON'T LIKE THAT!
DON'T WORRY, MISTER AIELLO! AL WILL DIE AT DA PARTY!
YEAH! WE COME IN SHOOTIN' WHEN AL TOASTS MISTER GUINTA-- AT DA PARTY!

MEANWHILE, IN THE LAVISH APARTMENT OWNED BY THE VICTIM OF THE PLOT...
DAT GUY WIT' DA CAP--IS HE DE IMPORT FROM DETROIT?
HE'S DA ONE AL!
PLEASED TA MEET'CHA, MISTER CAPONE!

WHO AST YOU TA TALK, JERK! DID I AST YOU TA OPEN YER STINKIN' MOUTH?
WHAT DID YOU GUYS BRING ME HERE?-- SOME KINDA SEEDY CRUM?
SHUT YER SEEDY MOUTH, CRUM!

LOOKIT 'IM! LOOKIT 'IS CAP! LOOKIT 'IS CLOTHES! HE'S SOME KINDA CRUM! A LUMP!
AND YOU BRING 'IM HERE-- TA ME!
BUT, AL! YA WANTED DA BEST! WE GOT'CHA DA BEST!

I DON'T CARE WHAT HE IS! HE STINKS, FOR MY DOUGH!
GET OUTTA HERE, CRUM! DO YER JOB--TAKE YER PAY--AN' BLOW!
GEE, BOSS--I DIDN' KNOW YOU'D TAKE IT LIKE DIS! I TELL YA DA HAYSEED IS TOPS WIT' DYNAMITE!
OKAY! OKAY! LET 'IM USE IT!
BUT GET 'IM OUTTA HERE! HE'S GOT NO CLASS!
WE'RE GOIN', AL! WE'RE GOIN'!
I SAID, BLOW! ALL A' YA!
DA KID'LL DO A GREAT JOB! HE NEVER FLUBS A HIT!
YOU OKAY, BOSS?
YAAA, JUST AGGRAVATED, DAT'S ALL! I HATE TA DEAL WIT' BUMS!
NEED A LIGHT, AL?
IF A GUY'S GONNA MAKE A HIT, HE OUGHTA, AT LEAST, DRESS NEAT FER DA JOB!
A-A-A-A-- FERGET IT, BOSS! LISTEN, AFTER DA PARTY TONIGHT, YOU'LL FEEL LIKE A MILLION BUCKS!
IT'S ALMOST COSTIN' DAT MUCH! BUT YOU CAN BE SURE--IT'S GONNA BE WORTH IT!

HIT IT, BOYS! MISTER CAPONE LIKES *TIGER RAG!*

AL CAPONE SET THE *PACE* FOR CHICAGO'S UNDERWORLD! HE *NEVER* DID ANYTHING SMALL! HIS PARTY FOR *GUISEPPE GUINTA* HAD THE BEST OF MUSIC, GIRLS, FOOD, CIGARS AND LIQUOR! BUT, WHAT WAS MORE IMPORTANT, WAS THE ATTENDANCE OF THOSE *INFLUENTIAL* IN THE RACKETS *HIERARCHY!*

BRING ON DA *BROADS!*

DIS WAY WIT DA SCOTCH, *SONNY!*

HEY, *SUGAR!* SLIP ME YER PHONE NUMBER!

HAH! GUINTA PUSHES BIG AL *OFF* DA CATBIRD SEAT--AND AL DOES *DIS!* HE'S A *BIG* MAN!

COME ON, GORGEOUS! WE'LL DO SOME DANCIN' DOWN HERE! *HAHAHA!*

COMING THROUGH!

DON'T STEP IN THE MAIN COURSE, *CUTIE!*

AL SAYS KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR ANY *FUNNY STUFF!*

DON'T WORRY! MY *GUNNIES* ARE IN *POSITION!*

AT THAT MOMENT, CAPONE'S WOULD-BE MURDERERS WERE LEAVING FOR THE PARTY...
I FEEL LIKE CINDERELLA GOIN' TO DA BALL, FINGERS! WIT''ER MAGIC VIOLIN CASE!
LET'S GO, HARRY! WE GOTTA TIME DIS JUST RIGHT!

AN' WHEN WE MEET KING BIG AL--OUT POPS MY VIOLIN AND BANG! IT TURNS INTO A BULLET-SPITTIN' CHOPPER!
GET SERIOUS, HARRY! WHEN WE BREEZE IN AT DA PARTY, WE DON'T ACT EDGY, SEE? WE DON'T TIP OUR HAND TO AL'S LIDDER TORPEDOES!

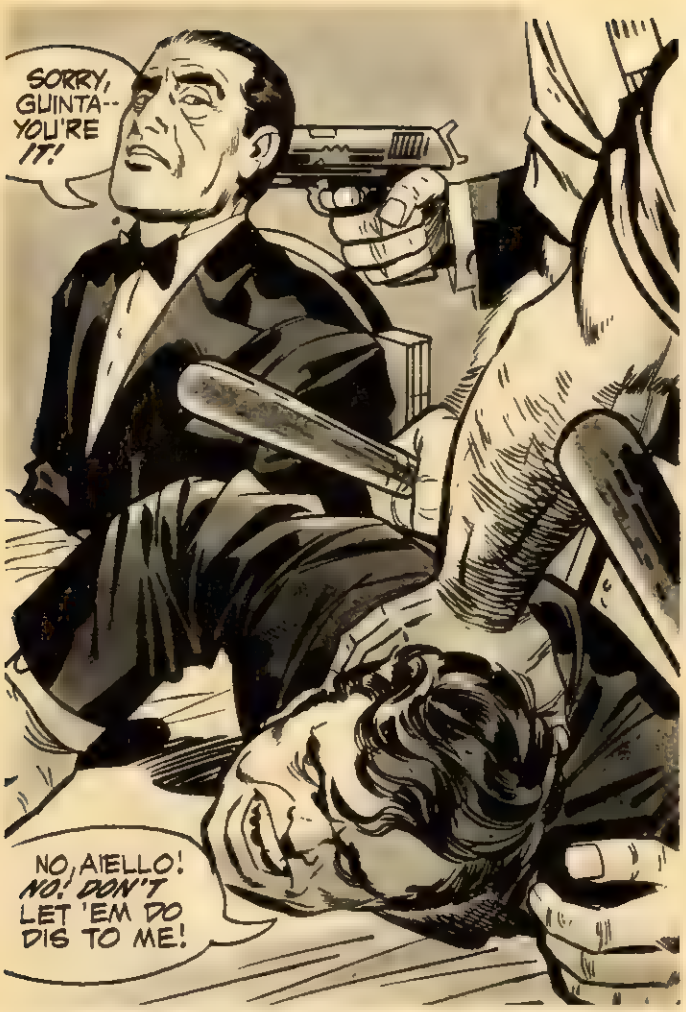
WE'RE NOT KILLIN' SMALL POTATOES! SO KEEP STEADY AND SMOOTH! WE DO IT AS EASY AS TURNIN' THE KEY IN DE IGNITION!
ENOUGH GAB, FINGERS! START DA CAR!
WE GOTTA SAY GOOD-BYE TO BIG AL!

BLAM

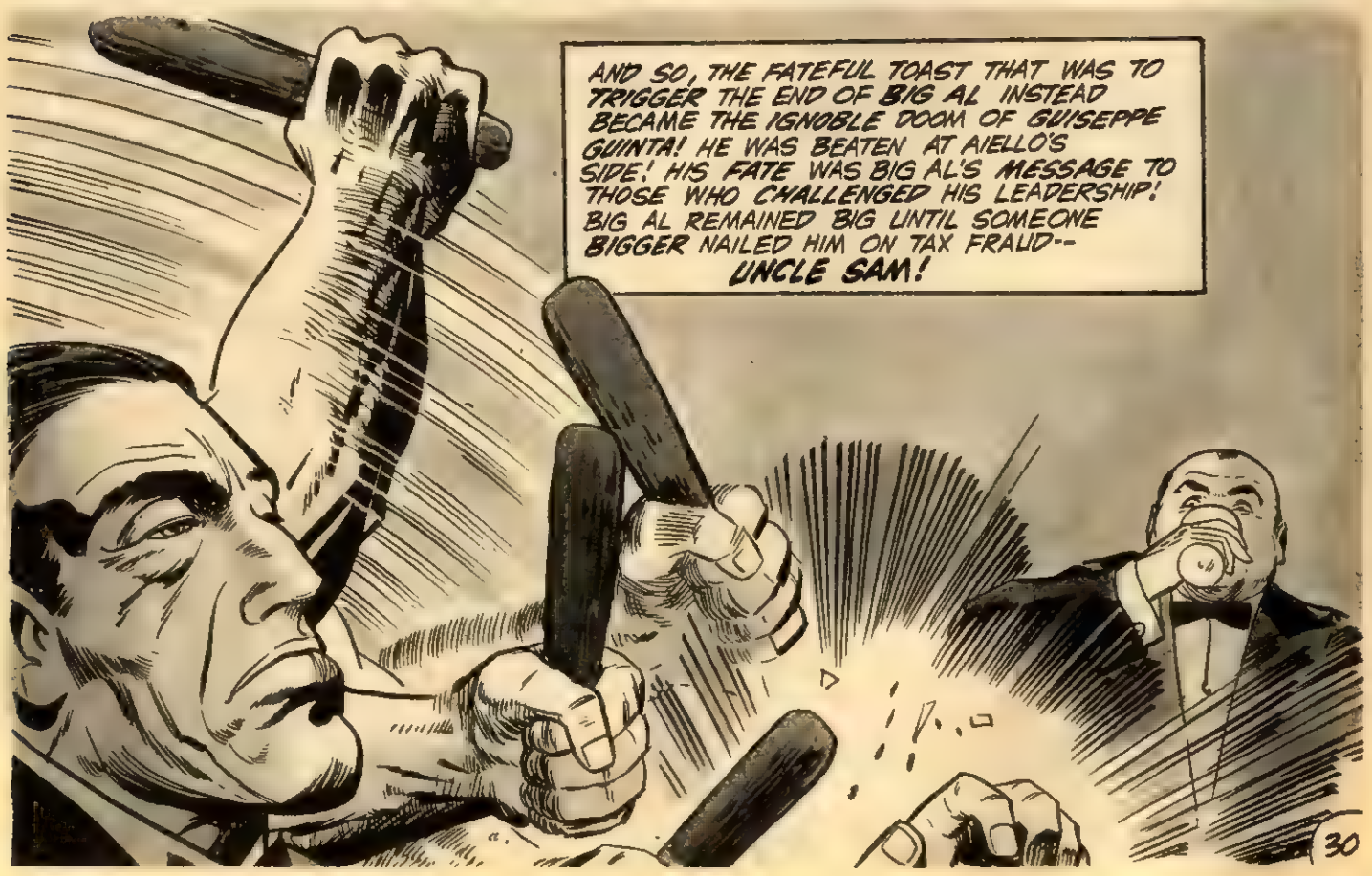
THE ASSASSINS NEVER MADE IT TO AL CAPONE'S PARTY! UNDER THE HOOD OF THEIR CAR, STICKS OF DYNAMITE HAD BEEN WIRED TO THE IGNITION!
BINGO! IT WENT OFF LIKE CLOCK-WORK! LET'S GO!
GOOD WORK, DETROIT!
TÅNKS!
YOU'RE OKAY, HAYSEED! GET YERSELF A NEW SUIT, NOW, AND MAYBE YA WON'T SMELL SO BAD TA BIG AL!
I ALWAYS BOOZE-UP FIRST, AFTER A JOB!
NIX! YA CAN'T GO TO DA PARTY, KID!
HEY! WE GOTTA STOP SOON AN' PHONE IN!
ONLY BIG SHOTS INVITED, EH? TOO BAD!
BEFORE IT MADE THE HEADLINES THE NEXT DAY, NEWS OF THE BOMBING REACHED THOSE DIRECTLY INVOLVED!
TELL AL WE SAW A COUPLE O' DUCKS FLYIN' OVER TOWN!
DAT'S IT, AL! SCRATCH HARRY AND FINGERS!
NEVER HEARD OF 'EM! SAY! I'M GETTIN' PRETTY GOOD AT GETTIN' INTO A MONKEY SUIT!
NOW, I T'INK IT'S TIME I SHOWED UP AT THE PARTY! AFTER ALL, I WANNA MAKE SURE DAT AIELLO AND GUINTA ENJOY DA BEST PART O' DA SHOW!

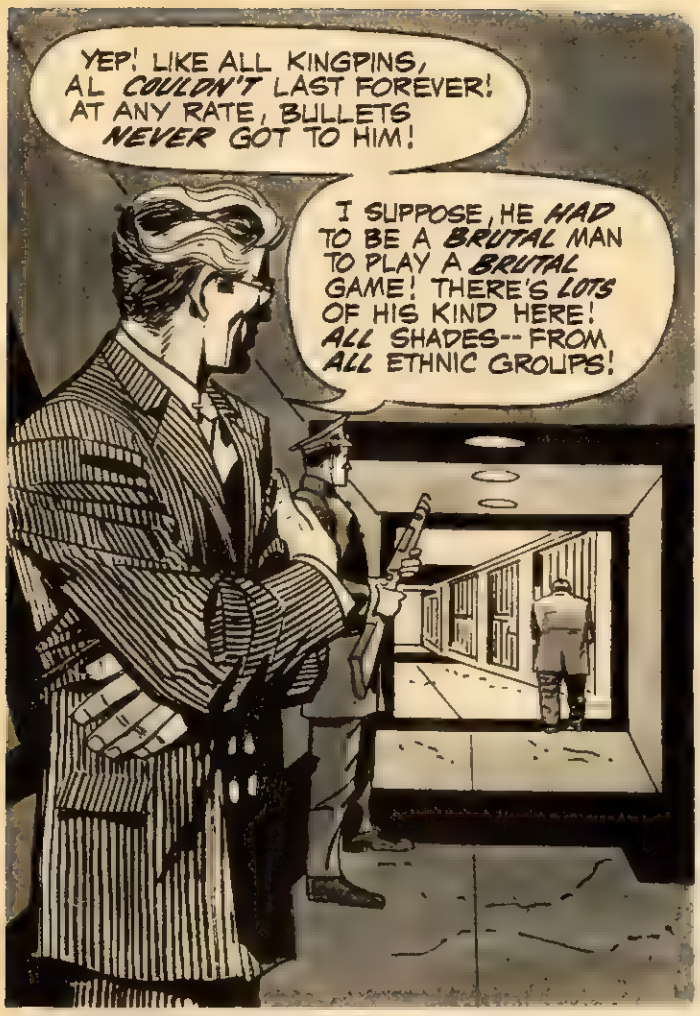
LATER, AT THE PARTY, GUISEPPE GUINTA WAS TRULY ENJOYING THE FESTIVITIES! BUT, GUISEPPE AIELLO WAS NOW VISIBLY TENSE!
DIS BASH IS A WOW, AIELLO! LAUGH IT UP!
DERE'S BIG AL! HE JUST CAME IN!
GOOD!
BUT I DON'T SEE OUR "HIT-MEN"! DEY SHOULDA BEEN HERE BY NOW!
AWW--COME ON, AIELLO! EVERYTHING'S GONNA WORK OUT OKAY! COME ON!-- Y'AIN'T TOUCHED A DRINK SINCE WE GOT HERE!
HOW YA DOIN', AIELLO? HEY, GUINTA! CAN'T 'CHA HEAR ME?
CUT DA MUSIC! SCRAM, YA DAMES!
I CAN'T EVEN HEAR MYSELF TALK!
DAT'S BETTER!
I GOT A LITTLE SPEECH-- FER MY GUESTS OF HONOR! TWO BIG MEN!-- BIG ENOUGH TA SNATCH DA PLAY FROM BIG AL CAPONE!
YA DON'T HAVE TA PUT IT DAT WAY, AL! WE LOVE YA! YOU'LL BE GETTIN' A BIG CHUNK FROM DA NEW SETUP!

NOW, DAT'S BIG! I TOLD 'JA DESE WONDERFUL GUYS WERE BIG!
NOW, HOW CAN A GUY PAY BACK SUCH BIGNESS?
YEAH-- I'VE BEEN T'INKIN' ABOUT DAT!
ESPECIALLY SINCE MY GREAT FRIENDS AIELLO AND GUINTA DECIDED I WAS WORKIN' TOO HARD--DAT I SHOULD STEP DOWN--
AIELLO!
SHUT UP, GUINTA!
LISTEN, CAPONE--WE'RE THE MOB! YA TOUCH US-- AN' YA DIG YER OWN GRAVE!
YEAH! DA COUNCIL VOTED ME IN!--AN' YER A CORPSE IF YA BUCK THE COUNCIL!
YER A LOUD-MOUTHED STOOGE, GUINTA! AN' YA KNOW WHAT?--Y'AIN'T GOT NO CLASS!
AN' I HATE A CRUM!
IT AIN'T DECENT FER DA MOB TA TRY PUTTIN' A CRUM IN MY PLACE! I DON'T CALL DAT RIGHT!
SO, MY BOYS'RE GONNA GIVE AIELLO A MESSAGE TO TAKE BACK TA THE NEW YORK MOB!
AL REALLY MEANS A MASSAGE-- GET IT? HAHAHAHA!
NO! NO! HELP ME, AIELLO!


SORRY, GUINTA-- YOU'RE IT!
NO, AIELLO! NO! DON'T LET 'EM DO DIS TO ME!

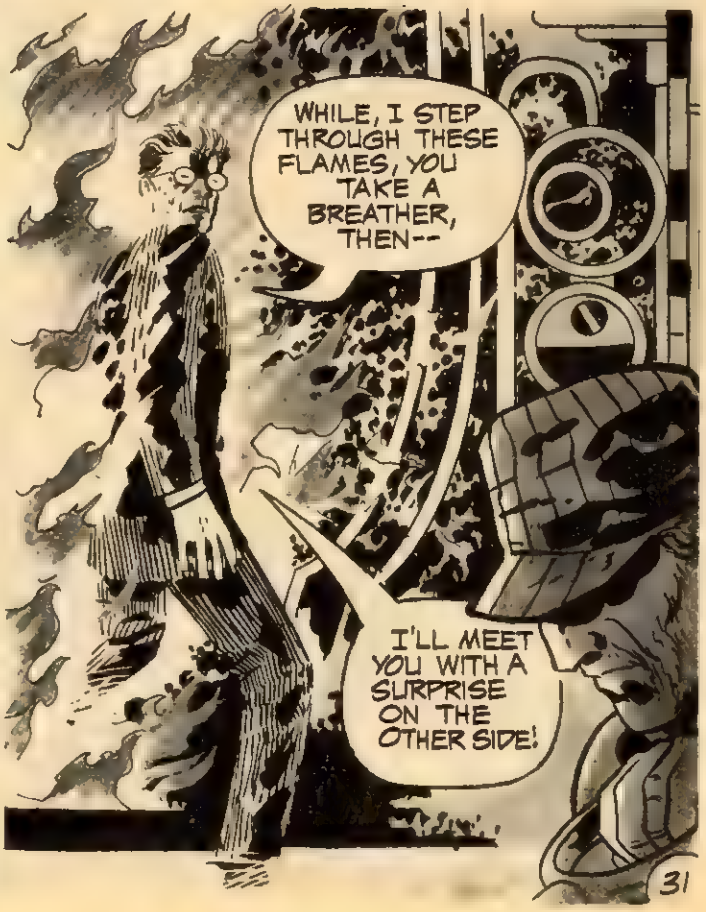
YOU RATS WERE GONNA BUMP ME--ME--BIG AL CAPONE! YA T'INK I DIDN'T KNOW DAT? I RUN DIS TOWN! EVERY STOOLIE IN IT IS ON MY PAYROLL!
SO, HERE'S TO YA, CRUMS--AN' TO EVERY WISE-GUY AT DIS TABLE! I'M BOSS HERE! YER ONLY BOSS! BIG AL CAPONE!


AND SO, THE FATEFUL TOAST THAT WAS TO TRIGGER THE END OF BIG AL INSTEAD BECAME THE IGNOBLE DOOM OF GUISEPPE GUINTA! HE WAS BEATEN AT AIELLO'S SIDE! HIS FATE WAS BIG AL'S MESSAGE TO THOSE WHO CHALLENGED HIS LEADERSHIP! BIG AL REMAINED BIG UNTIL SOMEONE BIGGER NAILED HIM ON TAX FRAUD-- UNCLE SAM!


YEP! LIKE ALL KINGPINS, AL COULDN'T LAST FOREVER! AT ANY RATE, BULLETS NEVER GOT TO HIM!
I SUPPOSE, HE HAD TO BE A BRUTAL MAN TO PLAY A BRUTAL GAME! THERE'S LOTS OF HIS KIND HERE! ALL SHADES-- FROM ALL ETHNIC GROUPS!

SAY! I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING! IF YOU'D LIKE A LITTLE CHANGE IN ATMOSPHERE, THIS PLACE IS WELL EQUIPPED TO PROVIDE IT!
PERHAPS I CAN SHOW YOU OUR SECTION WITH A LITTLE "YOU ARE THERE" FLAVOR!

IT HAS A SORT OF RAILROAD "AIR" ABOUT IT--YOU KNOW--FLAME AND FURNACE AND BOILER ROOM GADGETRY!
I MERELY HAVE TO DO THIS--AND PRESTO! HERE WE ARE!


WHILE, I STEP THROUGH THESE FLAMES, YOU TAKE A BREATHER, THEN--
I'LL MEET YOU WITH A SURPRISE ON THE OTHER SIDE!

FEATURETTE

THE BREEDING GROUND!

America, in the days of the Mob, was broke, sick and white. **The blacks of that day were no more visible in the national *Crime* picture than they were in the prevailing *social* order of that era.**

In the crowded, seething slums of the nation, man was at war with his environment, depressed by his insecure status, and buffeted by the turbulence within his own family!

Hopelessness, hunger and hostility plagued the young! They had to break free of it! Of the many who made it with honor, there were others who turned ugly in pursuit of money, power and—escape!

Rural America was faces— with hard, wrinkled lines like the shriveled earth which offered nothing but dust to the blowing winds.

To the Bible-reader, God was nowhere to be seen! Instead, there were foreclosures of farms—layoffs at the mines and the creation of migrant wanderers in rickety automobiles who bore the label "Oakies!"

Look at these faces! —Both old and young— reflecting the crunch of hard times—from what was behind these faces came the *Bonnie Parkers, Clyde Barrows* and *"Pretty Boy" Floyds!*

From this segment of America came *Baby Face Nelson,* The Bloody *Barkers* and *Dillinger!*

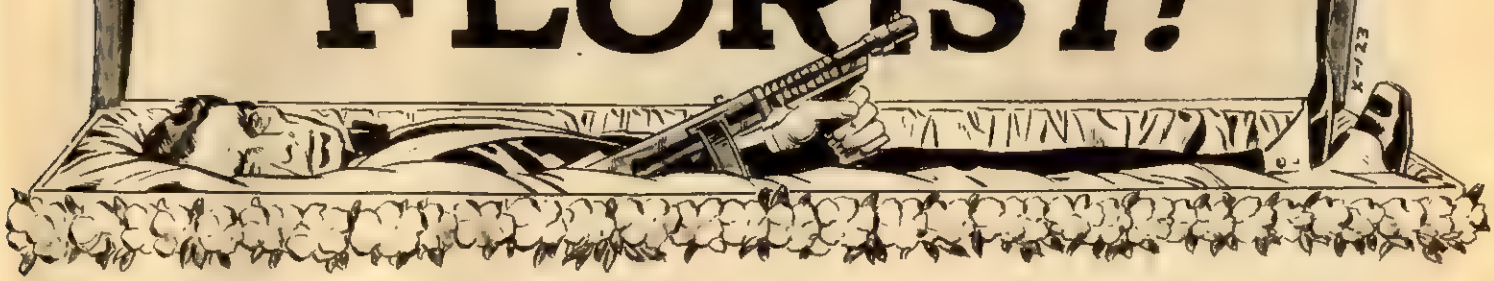
The banks and railroads smelled of gunpowder and the nation's presses raced madly to follow their infamous careers!

Across the land, the available media *rejected* the reality—reshaped it into an assortment of *salable* products which an *escape-hungry* public consumed both mentally and physically!!

Films and newspapers burgeoned with *sensation* and fantasy! Joy was *distilled* in night clubs and dance palaces in which freakish marathons provided circuses of degradation in the form of entertainment! Jazz became legitimate and rose as a true art form!

But *gambling, vice* and *drink* were the *big* money makers—the true channel of escape for the *aggressive!* They swarmed into the dirty water, singly and in groups!—*Goons! Hoods! Punks! Torpedoes!* They fought for control of the rackets—lived quickly—died suddenly! And those left branched out—enveloped the cities—became the evil entity called—*THE MOB!*

FUNERAL FOR A FLORIST!



A FACTUAL ACCOUNT IN THE TRADITION OF ACE REPORTERS OF THE THIRTIES!

BY MARK EVANIER AND STEVE SHERMAN

Chicago, during prohibition, was in the grip of bootleggers. Al Capone and Johnny Torrio had divided up the city and were extracting goodly sums from all kinds of people for liquor produced in secret breweries. The traffic was heavy and when someone went too far, his body might well be found, face down, in a gutter somewhere. When this happened, however, the deceased's gangland buddies would throw him a full-scale gangland funeral, complete with thousands of dollars' worth of flowers and a parade of hoodlums and so-called "respectable" citizens.

Most of these flowers came from a little flower shop on North State Street run by a certain Dion O'Banion. Al Capone bought all his flowers there, as did Johnny Torrio. What made this matter curious was that O'Banion was the number three man in Chicago bootlegging and would frequently find himself filling orders for flowers to be sent to some "dearly departed" he had ordered "bumped off". O'Banion had bought half-interest in the florist business as a front for his other operations and had taken such a liking to it that he assumed personal management and personally arranged most of the floral bouquets. Henchmen, wishing to discuss plans for hijackings or safe-robberies, had to come to the shop and talk to the boss while he arranged chrysanthemums for a wedding. Despite the fact that Capone and Torrio hated O'Banion deeply, he *was* gangland's "official" florist and buying flowers anywhere else would have seemed somehow disrespectful.

O'Banion once explained why his flower shop did such good business all the time. When someone in the underworld was bumped off, O'Banion supplied the flowers for the funeral and then the deceased's buddies would go out and shoot the guy who had killed their friend, thus creating the need for *another* funeral and flowers.

The death of one of O'Banion's henchmen was, however, a violation of this principle. "Nails" Morton, who had been a First Lieutenant in World War I and was instrumental in O'Banion's control of brewery traffic in parts of Chicago, was killed when a horse he was riding in Lincoln Park threw him and kicked him to death. After the funeral, a delegation from O'Banion's gang went out to the park, found the horse, dragged it to the scene of the accident, and killed it.

Johnny Torrio, above all others, hated O'Banion. Torrio, in one of his schemes to take over Capone's rackets, had tried to enlist the help of O'Banion and the many votes he controlled in an upcoming Chicago election. O'Banion was not interested in expanding his criminal empire, being perfectly content with his operations, which netted him a million a year in addition to a large gross from his florist shop. O'Banion threw his support to Capone's men and Torrio got a sound trouncing.

But that was not the only reason Torrio hated him. One of the most important elements in O'Banion's empire was a brewery which produced, illegally, most of the liquor in Chicago. O'Banion, through his informants, learned that a raid of the premises was being planned and that Federal authorities intended to close him up. He went to Torrio, who already owned a small interest in the brewery, and said he was retiring and would sell the whole operation cheap. Torrio agreed, with the provisio that O'Banion accompany him to oversee an upcoming shipment. That's how O'Banion happened to be at the brewery when the police broke in. But O'Banion had covered himself well. All the evidence had been planted so that *Torrio* was the one who was arrested and convicted.

Torrio pulled strings to stay out of prison and managed to remain out on bail. Certain now that O'Banion had double-crossed him, he vowed to kill the man who had led him into that trap. But Mike Merlo, boss of some of the smaller rackets, put pressure on him to leave O'Banion unharmed. As long as Merlo had anything to do with it, O'Banion would stay alive.

Two days later, Merlo was found dead in his living room.

The underworld had never seen quite as lavish a funeral as was given Merlo. Although he dealt with petty rackets, he influenced most of Chicago and they all turned out to say goodbye to him. O'Banion filled a $10,000 floral order from Torrio and a slightly smaller one from Capone. As part of Merlo's funeral procession, a twelve-foot floral statue of him was erected and driven in front of the hearse. O'Banion and his staff worked all night preparing the flowers. The next morning, however, there was one funeral wreath which had not been picked up.

Worried that the wreath might not be called for, O'Banion started to take it out to his car to deliver personally, when they walked in, three men abreast. O'Banion spoke up: "Hello, boys—you want Merlo's flowers?"

They looked at each other, then at him. O'Banion, who had a habit of keeping his right hand in his pistol pocket, that morning had a pair of garden shears in the pocket. The three men grabbed him and fired five bullets into his body. As they turned to run out, one spun around and fired a sixth shot into the head of the dead crime boss.

Officially, the murder of Dion O'Banion is unsolved. But word had it that Torrio and Capone had planned it together and that the three men who had fired the death shots were members of Merlo's gang who each received $10,000 and a $3,000 diamond ring. They had come in earlier to buy flowers for their boss and to familiarize themselves with the layout of the shop.

The little flower shop closed up the next day. For O'Banion's funeral, then, flowers had to be brought from miles around and, in fact, more than twenty-five trucks carried the masses of floral tributes to O'Banion's home where they filled the house, the lawn, and even a neighbor's empty swimming pool. O'Banion's boys chipped in and bought a special casket for $10,000 and the funeral had to be delayed while it was shipped from Philadelphia. The funeral procession was a mile long and included a police procession, three bands, and more than ten thousand people, most of whom had been involved in one or another of O'Banion's rackets.

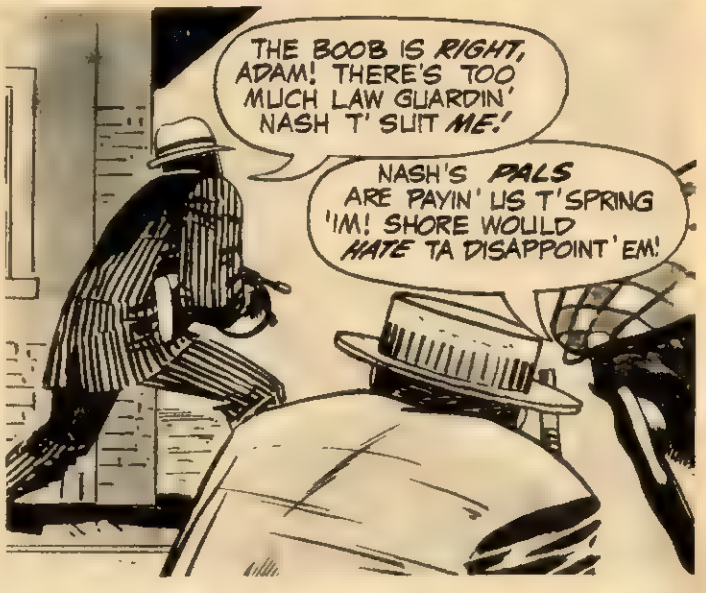
That Dion O'Banion had robbed, smuggled illegal liquor, and ordered men killed reminds us that he was another gangland boss. But one of his associates was heard to remark at the funeral: "O'Banion was a kind man. The last couple of years of his life, all he talked about was how he wanted to get out of the rackets and run his flower shop in peace. Well, he's out of them now!"

WELL! GLAD TO SEE YOU CAUGHT UP WITH ME! SURPRISED, ARE YOU?
YES, WE'RE AT A BONA-FIDE RAILROAD STATION! THE TIME IS JUNE, 1933! IT REALLY IS!
CONSIDERING WHO I AM, THIS SORT OF GETTING ABOUT IS NOT MUCH OF A TRICK!
THE
KANSAS CITY MASSACRE!
AND NOW YOU KNOW WHERE WE ARE--AND THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS PLACE!
SEE THAT HANDSOME KID WITH THE CHECKERED CAP? HE'S WAITING FOR A TRAIN TO PULL IN--JUST LIKE US!
37

HERE'S OUR TRAIN--PULLING INTO KANSAS CITY--AS ALWAYS--ON SCHEDULE!
NOW, WATCH THAT BURLY YOUNG MAN! HE'S CALLED PRETTY BOY FLOYD!
YOU SEE, PRETTY BOY IS DEEPLY INTERESTED IN THAT TRAIN--ESPECIALLY IN THE DEBARKATION OF A CERTAIN PASSENGER...
OKAY, NASH! THIS IS WHERE WE GET OFF! COME DOWN NICE AND EASY!
I'M COMIN'! DON'T YANK ON MY HANDCUFFS!
FLANKED BY FEDERAL OFFICERS AND POLICE, THE ARRIVAL IS FRANK (JELLY) NASH, A KNOWN GUNMAN AND A RANDOM "PARTNER" IN CRIME OF THE BARKER-GANG!
KEEP WALKING, NASH!
DON'T GAWK, FOLKS! STEP ASIDE! GIVE US ROOM!
NO SIGN OF TROUBLE! GET NASH INTO THE CAR!
HEY, YOU! WHAT'RE YOU STARIN' AT? BEAT IT!
I HEAR YA! DON'T GET YERSELF IN AN UPROAR, OFFICER!

PRETTY BOY SHOULDN'T HAVE RISKED AROUSING POLICE SUSPICION THAT WAY--BECAUSE PRETTY BOY IS NOT HERE ALONE--AND NOT UNARMED!
HOW ABOUT IT?
IT'S LIKE YOU SAID IT WOULD BE, VERNE! THE FEDS JEST PULLED IN WITH JELLY NASH!
HOW MANY FEDS? HOW MANY COPS? GIVE US DA PICTURE, BOOB!

PRETTY BOY'S COMPANIONS ARE VERNE MILLER AND ADAM RICHETTI! ALL HAVE BEEN PAID TO RESCUE NASH FROM THE LAW!!
THERE'S ENOUGH LAW WITH NASH T'KEEP US BUSY!


THE BOOB IS RIGHT, ADAM! THERE'S TOO MUCH LAW GUARDIN' NASH T' SUIT ME!
NASH'S PALS ARE PAYIN' US T'SPRING 'IM! SHORE WOULD HATE TA DISAPPOINT 'EM!

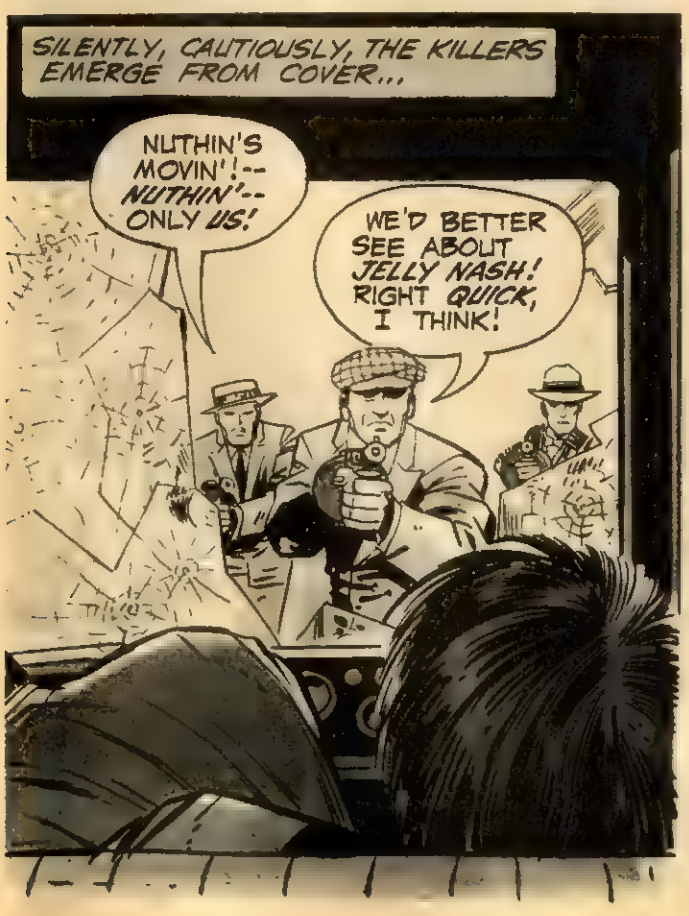
WHAD'DYA SAY, BOYS?
THEY GOT NASH IN THE COP'S CAR! ONCE THEY GET ROLLIN' IT'LL BE TOO LATE T'DO ANYTHIN', VERNE!

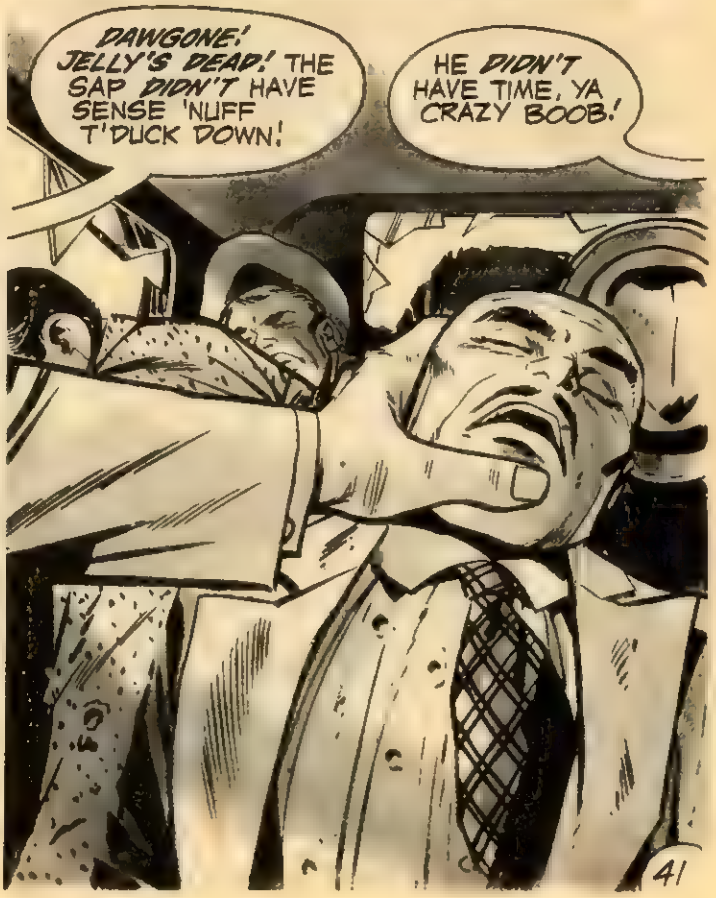
PRETTY BOY IS YOUNG AND HOT-BLOODED AND FIERCE! HE SEIZES COMMAND AND SHOUTS...
FIRE! FIRE AT 'EM! LET 'EM HAVE IT!

PRETTY BOY'S ANIMAL SNARL ACTS LIKE A TRIGGER UPON THE OTHER HOODS! THEIR FINGERS TIGHTEN IN UNISON AND THE SCENE EXPLODES IN AN EAR-SPLITTING ROAR OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE! THE POLICE CAR IS LITERALLY STRUCK BY A HAIL OF BULLETS!
RATATATATATATAT
POWPOW
WHA!
A-AAA!
POF
I'M HIT! I'M HIT!
PEEOW
SPAANGG

SO SWIFT AND DEADLY IS THE ATTACK THAT RESISTANCE IS ALL BUT WIPED OUT IN THE INITIAL BLASTS!
YOU RATS! YOU LOUSY RATS!
BAM
POW POW POW

THEN IT'S OVER! IN ONE FINAL, SAVAGE BURST OF GUNFIRE, THE KANSAS CITY MASSACRE BECOMES ANOTHER BLOT ON THE DECADE OF THE THIRTIES!
WOM
UGH--! UUUGH--


SILENTLY, CAUTIOUSLY, THE KILLERS EMERGE FROM COVER...
NUTHIN'S MOVIN'!-- NUTHIN'-- ONLY US!
WE'D BETTER SEE ABOUT JELLY NASH! RIGHT QUICK, I THINK!

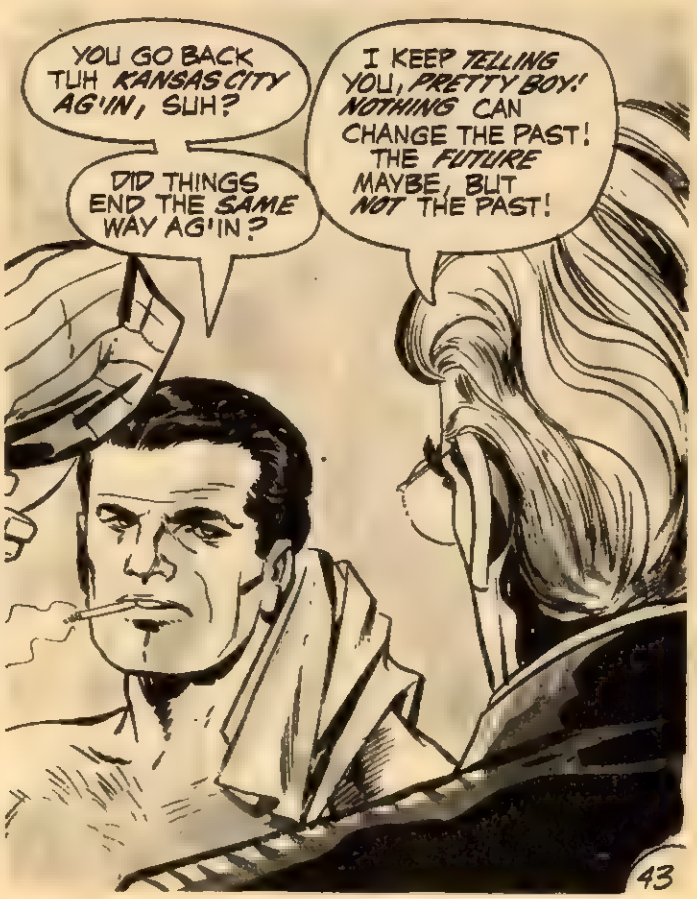

DAWGONE! JELLY'S DEAD! THE SAP DIDN'T HAVE SENSE 'NUFF T'DUCK DOWN!
HE DIDN'T HAVE TIME, YA CRAZY BOOB!

DIDN'T SEEM LIKE THERE WUZ ANYTHING ELSE T'DO, 'CEPT OPEN UP ON THOSE LAWMEN!
WE COULDA WAITED--ONE SECOND--TA SIGNAL JELLY!
AAAH, DON'T EXPLAIN COMMON SENSE TO DAT BOOB, RICHETTI! HE'S GOT A PEANUT BRAIN AND A KILL-CRAZY TRIGGER FINGER!
NOW YOU CUT THAT, VERNE, Y'HEAH? YOU CUT THE NAME-CALLIN'-- OR I'LL--
HEY! BEHIND YOU-- MORE COPS!
DAMSONE!
RATATA
LET'S BLOW! WHILE WE CAN STILL MAKE IT TO DA CAR!
SPAT
WOK
PAK
RE-ENFORCEMENTS HAVE ARRIVED, BUT OF COURSE, TOO LATE!
STOP THEIR CAR! SHOOT THE TIRES!
THOSE HOODS ARE MAKING THEIR GETAWAY!

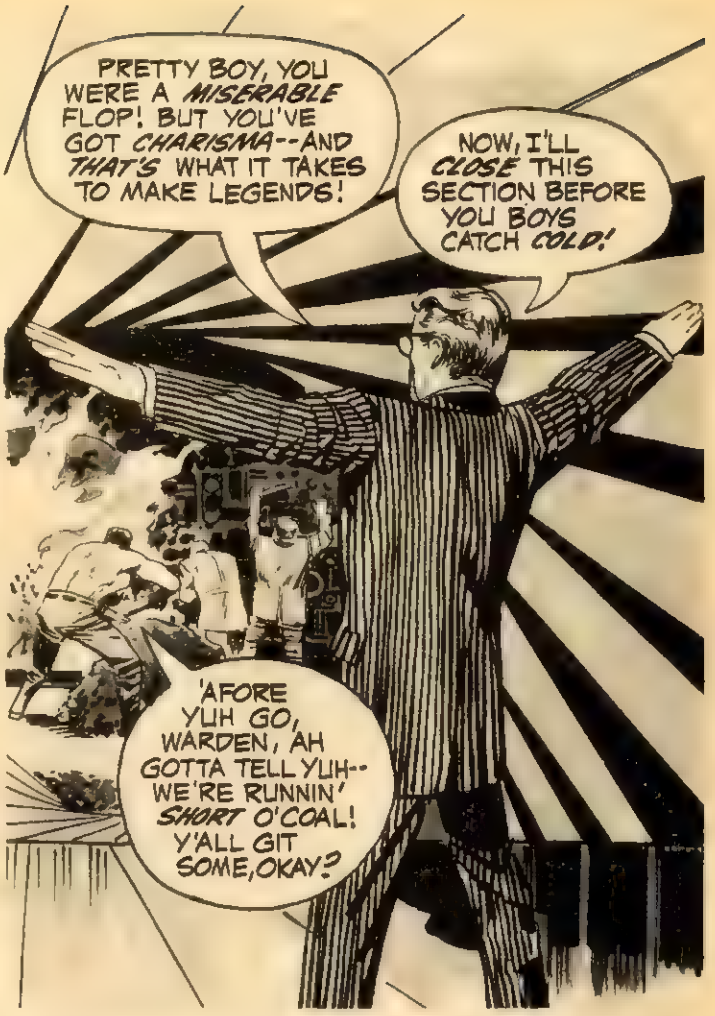
OH! LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED! -- IT'S HORRIBLE -- HORRIBLE!
NO! IT ISN'T POSSIBLE! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
OH--THE NOISE OF YESTERYEAR! WILL IT EVER CEASE?
HEY! LEMME SEE! GET OUTA MY WAY, BUSTER!

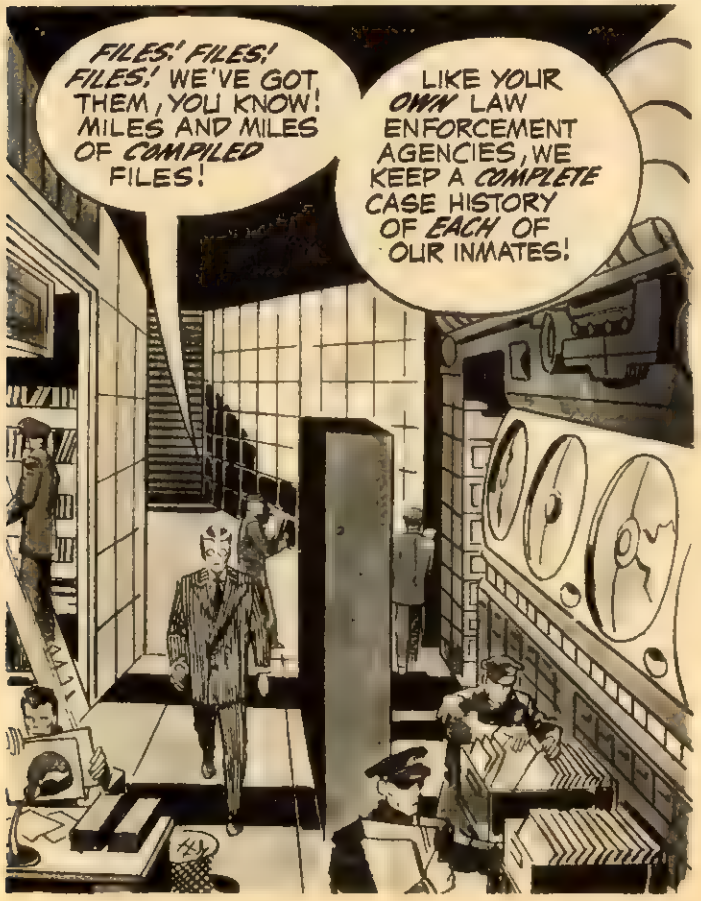
MAY I SUGGEST WE LEAVE? JUST FOLLOW ME!
THE REST OF THIS SLICE OF AMERICANA IS PURE ANTI-CLIMAX!

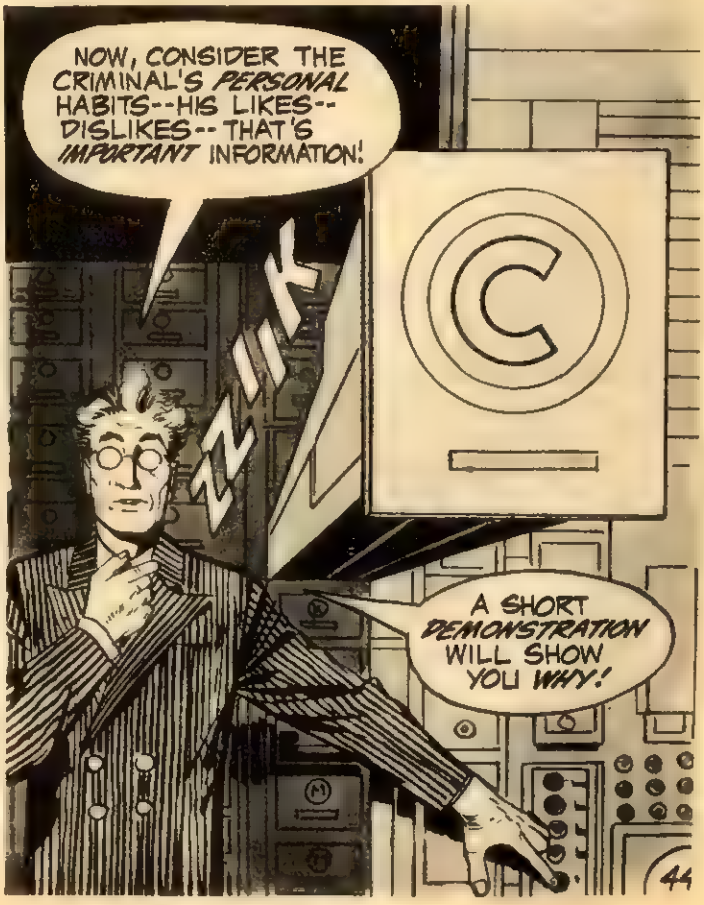
AH! HERE WE ARE! -- BACK TO THE WARMTH OF THE BOILER ROOM!
HOW ARE YA, WARDEN!
HI, BOYS!
HOWDY!

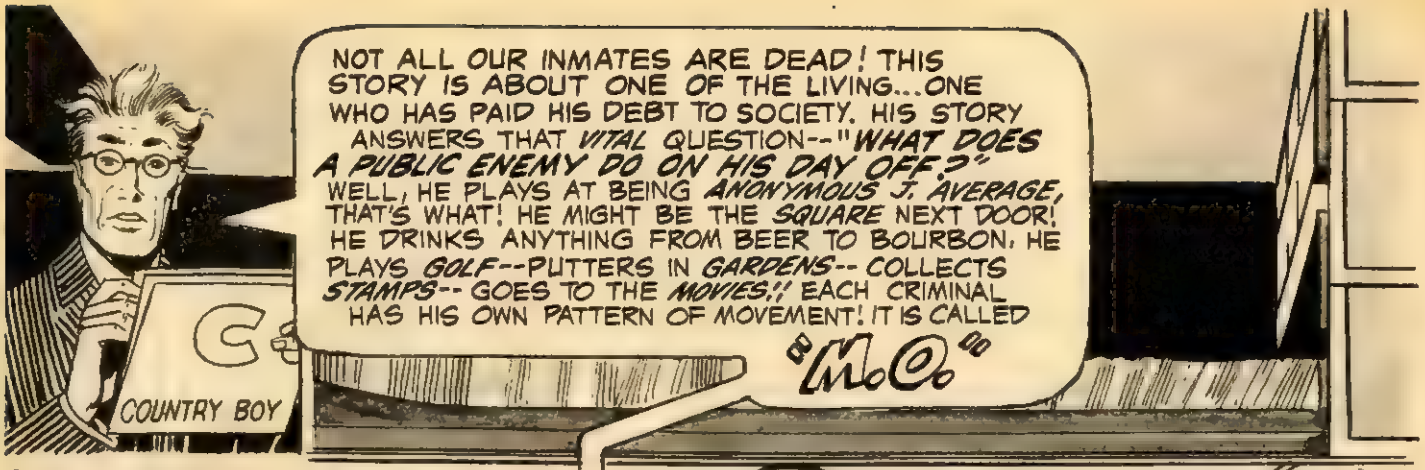

YOU GO BACK TUH KANSAS CITY AG'IN, SUH?
DID THINGS END THE SAME WAY AG'IN?
I KEEP TELLING YOU, PRETTY BOY! NOTHING CAN CHANGE THE PAST! THE FUTURE MAYBE, BUT NOT THE PAST!

Y'CAN'T MAKE DAT JERK UNDERSTAND NUTHIN', WARDEN! WE HAD TO WIND UP HERE, NO MATTER WHAT!
RICHETTI'S RIGHT-- JUSTICE GOT US ALL! I WAS FOUND IN A DITCH--WIT' MORE BULLET-HOLES DAN FRECKLES!
AH DID'N DO IT, WARDEN-- AT LEAST AH H'AIN'T TAWKIN'!


PRETTY BOY, YOU WERE A MISERABLE FLOP! BUT YOU'VE GOT CHARISMA--AND THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE LEGENDS!
NOW, I'LL CLOSE THIS SECTION BEFORE YOU BOYS CATCH COLD!
'AFORE YUH GO, WARDEN, AH GOTTA TELL YUH-- WE'RE RUNNIN' SHORT O'COAL! Y'ALL GIT SOME, OKAY?


FILES! FILES! FILES! WE'VE GOT THEM, YOU KNOW! MILES AND MILES OF COMPILED FILES!
LIKE YOUR OWN LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES, WE KEEP A COMPLETE CASE HISTORY OF EACH OF OUR INMATES!


NOW, CONSIDER THE CRIMINAL'S PERSONAL HABITS--HIS LIKES--DISLIKES-- THAT'S IMPORTANT INFORMATION!
ZZ...K
A SHORT DEMONSTRATION WILL SHOW YOU WHY!


NOT ALL OUR INMATES ARE DEAD! THIS STORY IS ABOUT ONE OF THE LIVING...ONE WHO HAS PAID HIS DEBT TO SOCIETY. HIS STORY ANSWERS THAT VITAL QUESTION--"WHAT DOES A PUBLIC ENEMY DO ON HIS DAY OFF?" WELL, HE PLAYS AT BEING ANONYMOUS J. AVERAGE, THAT'S WHAT! HE MIGHT BE THE SQUARE NEXT DOOR! HE DRINKS ANYTHING FROM BEER TO BOURBON. HE PLAYS GOLF--PUTTERS IN GARDENS-- COLLECTS STAMPS-- GOES TO THE MOVIES!! EACH CRIMINAL HAS HIS OWN PATTERN OF MOVEMENT! IT IS CALLED "M.O."
COUNTRY BOY

METHOD OF OPERATION!

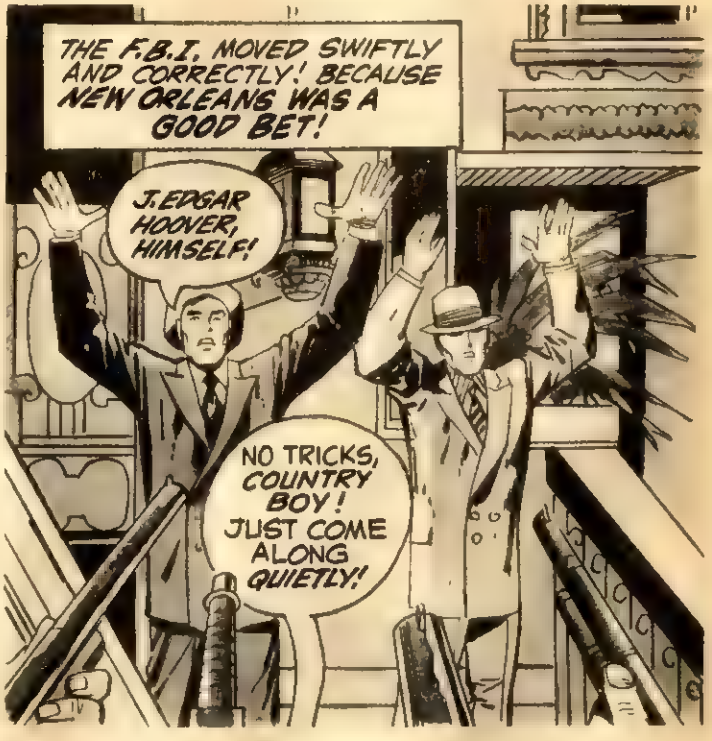
THIS ANGLE OF LAW ENFORCEMENT WAS OPERATIVE IN THE VIOLENT THIRTIES! THE HABIT PATTERN OF EACH DESPERADO WAS STUDIED! COUNTRY BOY LIKED FISHING!!
HOWDY, NEIGHBOR! KETCH ANYTHIN' LIKE THIS'UN?
I'M A-TRYIN', NEIGHBOR! JEST DON'T DRIFT INTO MUH LINE!

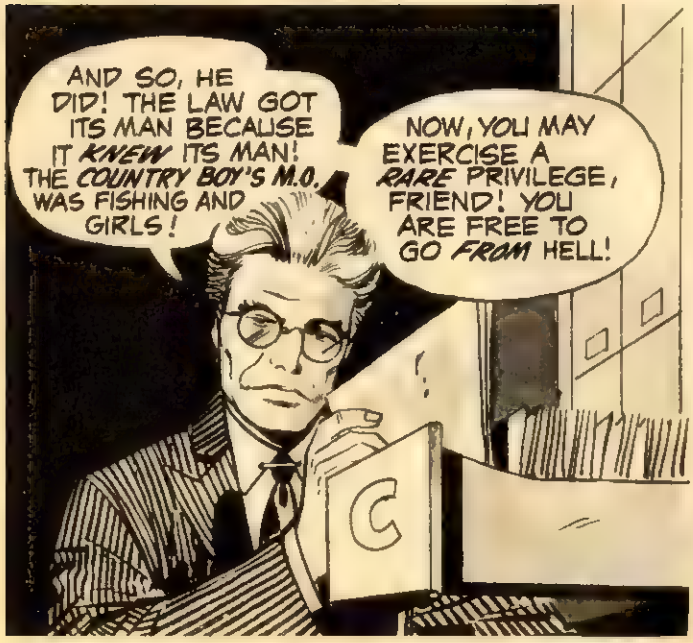
COUNTRY BOY, NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL AND CONVICTED KIDNAPPER, ALSO LIKED GIRLS...
AH HOPE HE CUTS YUH LINE AND SCARES ALL THE FISH, HONEY! AH'M MIGHTY LONELY BACK HEAH!
YUH STOP THAT, KID!
AH'LL BE DANGED IF AH KNOW WHY AH BRUNG Y'ALONG! NOTHIN'S BITIN' 'CEPT THE FLIES!
GOOD FER THE FLIES!

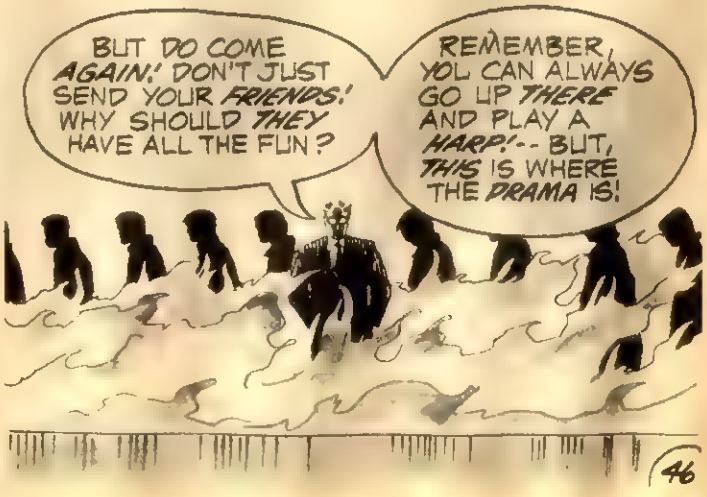
HE ALSO LIKED THE PRESENCE OF CLOSE ASSOCIATES AND DOUBLE-DATING! WHEN HE WAS NOT WITH THE BARKERS, COUNTRY BOY WAS IN THE COMPANY OF TRUSTED FRIENDS--AND, OF COURSE, GIRLS!

BUT HE, IN A FOOLISH MOMENT, HAD MADE A GRIEVOUS ERROR! HE'D BOASTED THAT HE WOULD PERSONALLY "BUMP OFF" J. EDGAR HOOVER, DIRECTOR OF THE F.B.I.!

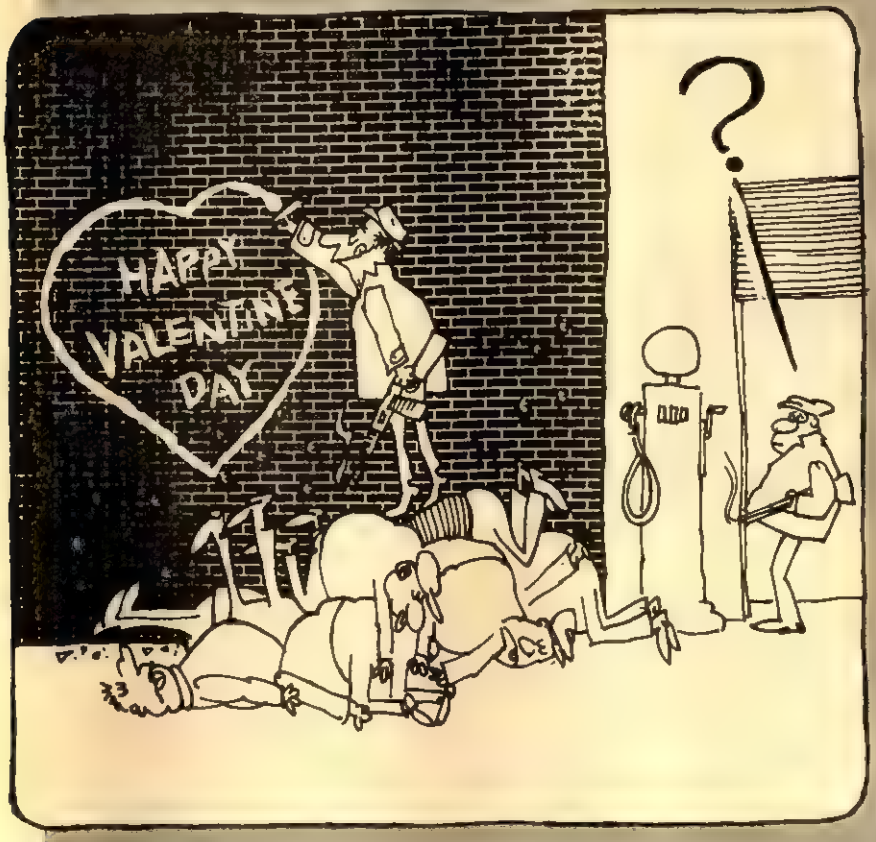
IN THE SPRING OF 1936 -- THE FISHING WAS GOOD IN MANY AREAS, BUT THE F.B.I. KNEW WHERE FISHING WAS PARTICULARLY PUBLICIZED--AND WHERE THE CLIMATE WAS GREAT FOR FUN AND GAMES...
STAY PUT, GALS! WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK!


THE F.B.I. MOVED SWIFTLY AND CORRECTLY! BECAUSE NEW ORLEANS WAS A GOOD BET!
J. EDGAR HOOVER, HIMSELF!
NO TRICKS, COUNTRY BOY! JUST COME ALONG QUIETLY!


AND SO, HE DID! THE LAW GOT ITS MAN BECAUSE IT KNEW ITS MAN! THE COUNTRY BOY'S M.O. WAS FISHING AND GIRLS!
NOW, YOU MAY EXERCISE A RARE PRIVILEGE, FRIEND! YOU ARE FREE TO GO FROM HELL!


BUT DO COME AGAIN! DON'T JUST SEND YOUR FRIENDS! WHY SHOULD THEY HAVE ALL THE FUN?
REMEMBER, YOU CAN ALWAYS GO UP THERE AND PLAY A HARP!-- BUT, THIS IS WHERE THE DRAMA IS!

KILL JOY WAS HERE



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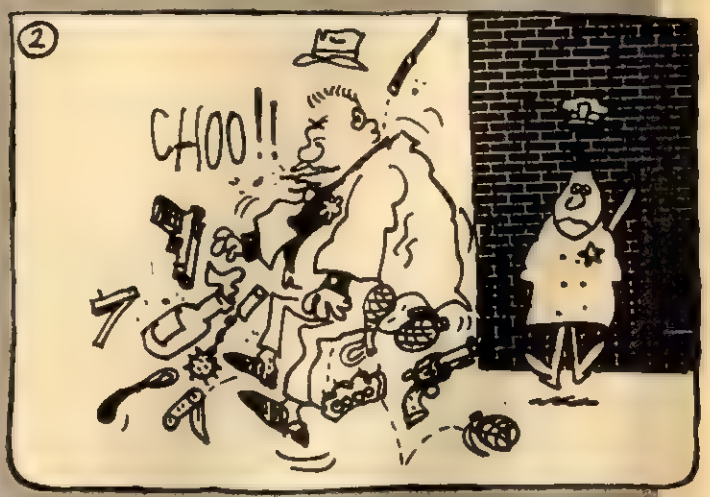
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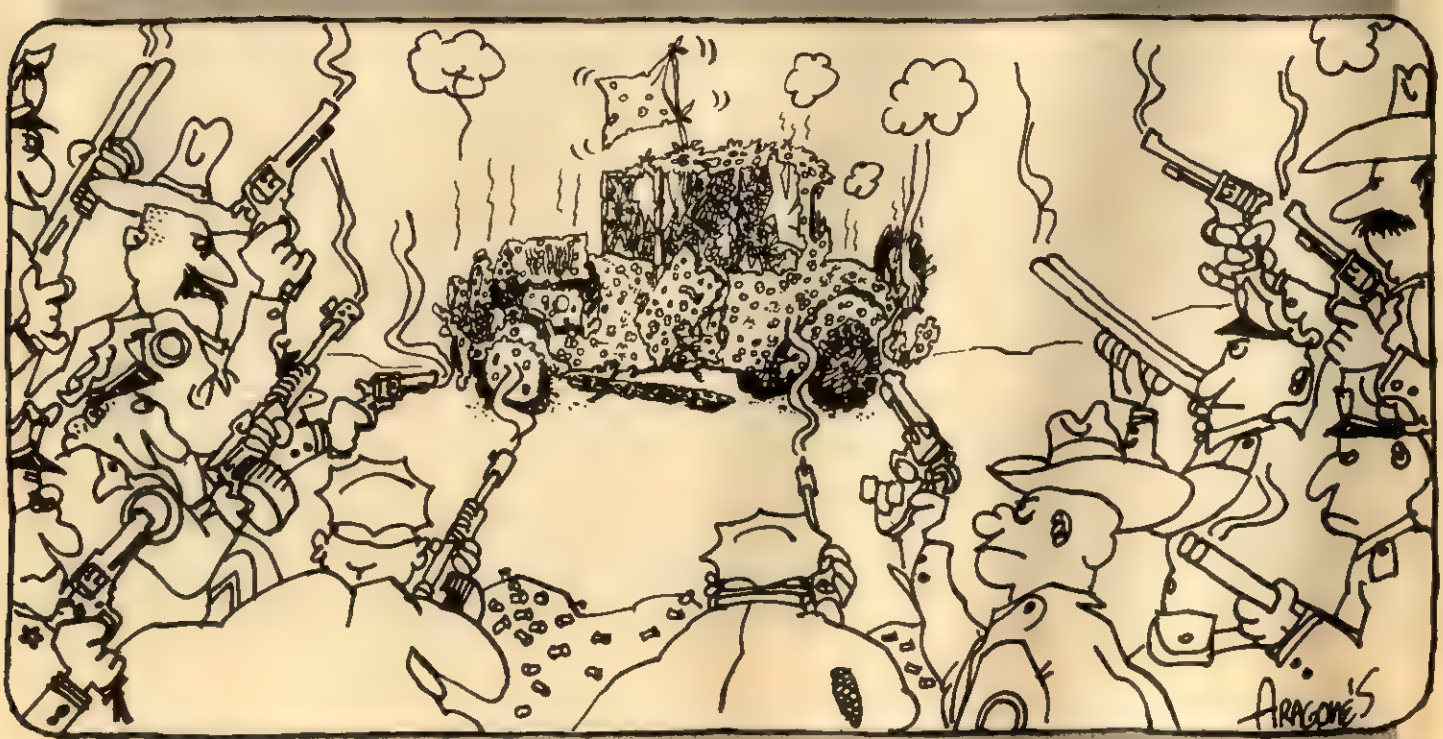
CHOO!!


ARAGONÉS

ISSUE NO. 2

LOOK FOR IT!!

The ROARING THIRTIES COME ALIVE IN THE DAYS OF THE MOB!

MOBSTERS ABOVE ALL, WERE PEOPLE!.. NOT THE BEST, BY MANY STANDARDS!.. BUT IT'S ASTOUNDINGLY DIFFICULT TO CATEGORIZE, ANALYZE, OR OSTRACIZE
THE COLORFUL, BEAUTIFUL, PRAGMATIC, INSCRUTABLE, LADIES OF THE GANG!
OH, YES, FRIENDS" DESPITE THE POUTS AND MOANS FROM "WOMEN'S LIBERATION," WOMEN MURDER, TOO! WHEN MURDER IS AIMED FOR "BLOOD AND GUTS!"... THERE WERE LADIES PRESENT!!!
THE "KISS OF DEATH," GIRL!
THE DECENT KID!!

THE VIOLENT THRUST EVOKES VIOLENT REACTION!! MEMBERS OF THE MOB COMMUNITY LIVED AS FAST AS THEY DIED!!! THEIR LIFE-STYLE WAS AN ACCUMULATION OF SCARS, ANXIETIES, MONEY, AND "DAMES"... THE "DAMES" WERE THE MOST INTERESTING "BY-PRODUCT" OF THE SOCIAL SIDE OF MURDER INCORPORATED!! AT PARTIES, FUNERALS -- AND OFTEN, KILLINGS "THE GIRLS GAVE THIS KIND OF LIFE -- ALL THEY HAD!!
TAKE IT BABY, WILL YA!!
AHH, SHUDDUP! DON'T BE SO CRABBY!
HEY! HOW COME WE'RE LOW ON SCOTCH!

WHAT HAD STARTED FOR KID TWIST IN THE "ROARING THIRTIES," ENDED IN THE EARLY MORNING HOURS OF NOVEMBER 12, 1941!!
KID TWIST SAILED OUT HIGH OVER CONEY ISLAND -- SIX FLIGHTS HIGH, TO BE EXACT!!!

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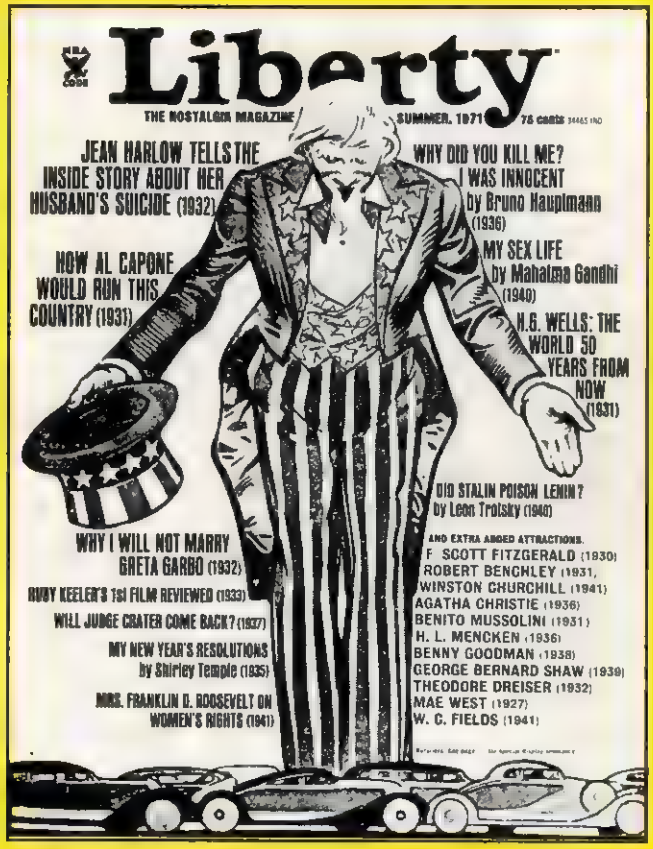
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THE NOSTALGIA MAGAZINE
SUMMER, 1971
75 cents
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MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT ON WOMEN'S RIGHTS (1941)

Remember Jean Harlow and Carole Lombard? Remember H. L. Mencken and Theodore Dreiser, Gandhi and G.B.S. and the Marx Brothers? Ever read a short story by F.D.R. or a thesis on sex and marriage by Benito Mussolini? Is it possible that you remember Shirley Temple's 1936 New Year's Resolutions or that you still know how to do the Big Apple or the Lambeth Walk?

Do you remember *Liberty* magazine?

If you've said "yes" to any five of the above questions, you win the Warren G. Harding Memorial Award for Excellence in Recall. If you flunked, you really ought to stop thinking about the future and start getting with the past. Nostalgia, someone said recently, is the overriding emotion of the 1970's. You know why? Because it's more fun to think about the past than the present or future.

Liberty will be published four times a year beginning with the Summer issue, on sale April 22, 1971. After that, there'll be issues published every three months. You'll find the magazine at newsstands everywhere or, if you want to make sure to get your copy, by subscription here — now.

Incidentally, if your memory bank extends only to such remembrances as J.F.K., the young Marlon Brando, Howdy Doody and Sandra Dee, then *Liberty*, the nostalgia magazine, will show you more colorful days.

So, what's old? *Liberty*, that's what!

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